THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

VVhereto bee annexed two ELEGIES,

Entitled

NARCISSVS Change.

AND

ÆSONS Dotage.

By RICHARD BRATHVVAYTE *Gentleman.*

LONDON
Printed by *W. S.* for *Chriſtopher Purſett* dwelling in Holborne, neere Staple Inne.
1611.

The Art of Poetrie

which is mentioned in
the title of the second
portion of this book
has never been discovered
in any copy. See Hazlewood's
List of Braithwaite's works.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL M. *ROBERT BINDLOSSE* Eſquire, his approued kind Vnkle: The continuance of Gods temporall bleſſings *in this life, with the Crowne of* immortalitie in the world to come.

(***)

RIght Worſhipfull, I haue pennꝛd heere a ſhort Treatiſe, entituled the Golden Fleece, which I no ſooner had reuiewed and corrected, making it fit for the preſſe: as not doubting but it ſhould paſſe the preſſe of detraction, which delighteth more in carping, then diſ-

erpete censuring of others labours: But I bethought me of some Patron, not so much for the preseruing this my first issue from abortment, as from the detraction of maleulent carpers, who vse to finde fault with Nature herselfe that she set not the Oxes hornes vpon his backe rather then vpon his head, being the stronger and more puissant part. At the first I resolued to dedicate these fruits of my labours vnto him, from whom I receiued the growth, and quiet encrease of my studies: But it pleased God to alter my purpose, by preuenting him by death, who was the nourisher of my slender endeuours, and the protectour of mine orphane labours, which had no sooner hapned then in a distast of my studies, wanting him, whose relish sweetened my vnseasoned poemes, I was fully resolued to haue wrapped this tract vp in oblivion, and to haue depriued it of publike view. But the troubled course of our estates, and the fauourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now so happily confirmed, enforced me to consecrate this pamphlet as one of Bassas *fragments, to your best affectioned*

fectioned ſelfe: to ſhew a willingneſſe in me to gratifie that ſollicitous and carefull regard you euer had, ſince the time of our deſolation, euen his death, whoſe life was a mirrour in his time, and whoſe well concording death enſued, as a reward of eternitie for his well ſpent daies: for his fruits ſhall follow him. The argument of this Treatiſe is morall: the vſe ſpirituall, morally deriued from Iaſon *ſonne to* Æſon *by* Polymela, *who, after the death of his father was committed to the tuition of his vncle* Pelias: *he to vſurpe the poſſeſſions, limited to his Nephew* Iaſon *deuiſed a dangerous enterpriſe for him, to get the Golden Fleece of* Cholcos, *which he hauing atchieued with great honour, and the ſafe returne of ſuch Argonautes as went with him: receiued his inheritance, and propagated his glory to the vtmoſt bounds of Aſia. The vſe, or morall implies: what felicity they ſhall obtaine that with reſolution and longanimitie ſuſtaine the perillous guſts of afflictions, with a reſpect had to vertue, without which regard no happy or ſucceſſiue euent can attend*

Vid. Ouid. in Metamor.

tend any intendment: This tract though compendious, may afford no small fruit to your conceiuing vnderstanding, shadowing vnder this title of Golden Fleece, the reward of a sincere and prouident pilgrim, who with Iason *endureth patiently the surging Sea of persecution, the raging tempests of affliction, not to be allured with the inchanting voice of the Syrens melodie, abstaining from* Cyrces *cup, sayling by the perillous rockes of Scylla and Charybdis, and now at last arriuing at the port of a prosperous repose, crieth out;* hic sedes fata quietas ostendunt.

Ponet Deus his quoque finem. Virgil.

Alexander *had his* Homer *in reuerence,* Alcybiades *his* Socrates, Cæsar *the perusall of his owne deuine writings,* Scipio Affricanus *the workes of* Xenophon. Epaminondas *will receiue instruction of his* Lysias, Agesilaus *of* Xenophon, Scipio *by* Genesius: *Yea* Bassus *was sometime acceptable to his* Cæsar.

In Cyropedia.

I feare not but there be euer some Mæcenas *to giue a fauourable respect to the meanest labours.* Socrates *thinketh his works very*

very fruitfull, and to haue produced good effectes, when by them he hath prouoked any to the knowledge and learning of vertue.

Stylpho *the Romane had neuer attained the chast name of a continent Citizen, if he had not applied his corrupt disposition to morall discourse, and made morall poems a soueraigne for his lasciuious intentions.* Vid. Cicer. in lib de Orator.

Those famous matrons of Rome, Octauia, Gorcia, Cæcilia, *and* Cornelia, *bestowed no lesse time in moralitie then* Tullia, Lucilla, *and* Claudia *did in musicke and harmonie: more renowne attained they, by morall obseruations, then those wanton Dames did by their discourse of* Hymenæus. Vid. Apotheg. Plutarch. &c.

Semyramis *and* Cleopatra *neuer grew more memorable for their affecting dainties, then* Hermyone *and* Dyotmia *for their morall precepts.* Vid. Trog. Pom.

Many which professed moralitie, haue beene the preseruation of whole Cities, as

Aristotle

Vid. Quint Curt. in octau. lib. in descrip. Dyon. & Dyonisij.

Aristotle, *by whose meanes, and for whose sake* Alexander *commaunded the Cittie Stagyra to bee builded againe, being demolished in the raigne of his father* Philip.

Vid. vit. Socrat.

The like of Socrates *we reade, and reason good, since* Apollo *termed him the wisest man in all Greece.*

Vid. Apotheg. de Apell. & Prolog.

But wherefore should I prosecute this argument, alwaies putting my hand with Protogenes *to that table which I am sure can be bettered by no colours? Receiue this vnripe fruite into the warme harbour of your loue, let it be kindly entertained, least it blush and be ashamed, to receiue so ill an entertainment, where it expected an vndoubted welcome.*

This Mindian building haue I erected before her, to vsher her, and encourage her modest face, with the assurance of your acceptance.

The Lord of heauen continue his blessings towardes you, lengthen your daies, multiply your comfortes heere vpon earth,

that

The Epiſtle Dedicatorie:

that enioying Heauen vpon Earth in this life, you may be inueſted with the crowne of immortalitie in the world to come.

Your affectioned Nephew,

Richard Brathwaite.

PIERIDVM INVOCATIO,

QVARVM OPE ÆGON IN TRIVIIS,

Ædon in nemoribus cecinit. Quarum *auſpicijs riuos ſaltim apertos deguſtare* licuit, tenuiſq; ſtipulæ libertate frui.

YOu ſacred Muſes by whoſe diuine skill,
Each Poet in his rank obſerues his meaſure,
Direct the progreſſe of *Menalchas* quill,
Enrich his labour with your heauenly treaſure.
And ſo vouchſafe to fauour his poore verſe,
That ſome may daigne his poems to rehearſe.

Well doe I know ſo many rurall ſwaines,
Seeke to deuote their labours to your ſhrine,
That they offend you with their fruitleſſe paines,
Since in harſh ſtraines their labours they confine.
Yet pittie them and me, whoſe barraine wit,
Will moue you in remorce to pittie it.

And

And yet when I conſider worthleſſe men,
Such as *Afranius*, *Bardus*, and the reſt,
Then with a cheerefull countenance doe I pen,
Since many illes doe counterpoiſe the beſt.
For ſure I am with *Bardus* I can ſing,
Though not a matter worthie of a king.

Nec regie poemata digna, nec regum ſoceis.

Affranius, he will wearie Traians eares,
With rude impoliſht, tuneleſſe harmonie,
He is impudent, *Affranius*, nothing feares,
His Oaten pipe delights his Maieſtie.
But I eſteeme of ſuch as little worth,
Their works be correſpondent to their birth.

For as *Affranius* was of meane eſtate,
raiſde from declining fortunes low deſcent,
So his immodeſt vaine engendreth hate,
Since his ſharpe poems with his ayle be ſpent.
His works confuſde, his harſh vnſeaſoned ſtile,
Doe ill beſeeme the Sybils of our Ile.

As is recorded in his life.

Such works I ſcorne to pen, as may detract
From the reſpect of any meane eſtate,
I hate that Aſpes that is of ſplene compact,
The furies brands which vaunt of nought but hate.
Æmulate vertuous men, for vertues ſake,
Is a good hatred, ſo Ile alwaies hate.

But to contemne the meane degrees of men,
Or to enuie ſailès of proſperitie,
Nere ſhall my Muſe enſource her odious pen,
Furniſht with nought but rags of enmitie.
I ſmile when others ſmile, when others weepe,
I plunge my ſelfe into like ſorrowes deepe.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

THis little Treatiſe is a Golden Fleece,
Not that which Iaſon *got from Colchos Ile,*
For this containes a more celeſtiall prize,
Since mundane ſtates doe earthly men beguile.
This is that prize which will procure ſoules peace,
Vnto thy minds content, heau'ns Golden Fleece.

No Argonautes can get you this ſame prize,
Nor no Mœdea can procure this gaine,
No fruitfull Colchis can this Fleece comprize,
No braine-ſicke Zethes *can this ſpoile obtaine.*
If thou wilt haue this Golden Fleece, *this prize,*
With due attention here reflect thine eyes.

FIrſt doe not giue thy ſelfe to fond delights,
Which like the morning dewe fade and decay,
Reſtraine thy fleſh which gainſt thy ſpirit fights,
Reforme thy peruerſe life from day to day.
Let abſtinence be Empreſſe and commaund,
Leſt hatefull luſt deuotion ſhould withſtand.

Calais and *Zethes* were brethren and ſons to *Boreas*, accõpanying *Iaſon* in his iourney, &c.

For many times by abſtinence deſire
Of hatefull luſt is quite extinguiſhed,
Which otherwiſe like an inceſſant fire,
By curious fare would ſoone be nouriſhed.
And that deſire which is reſtrainde by thee,
Shall worke content in minds tranquillitie.

Spare not to trauaile nor to paſſe the ſea
Of ſurging waues this treaſure to obtaine,
The way to reſt, is through calamitie,
The port to harbour, is through ſhelfes of paine.
For valiant *Iaſon* neuer could haue wonne,
The *Golden Fleece*, if he had ſorrowes ſhunne.

Ratibuſq; inimica Charybdis nunc ſorbere fretum nunc reddere. Ouid. in ſeptim. lib. Met.

Now by Charybdis, now by Scylla toſſed,
Shipwrackt poore man, diſtreſſed by winters rage,
Thoſe Guſts of griefe wherwith his courſe was croſſed
Will reſt memorials to enſuing age.
So then if thou, with *Iaſon* will attaine
Such glorious Trophies, thou muſt ſuffer paine.

Silenus foſter-father to *Bacchus.*

Sylenus he can tumble in his caue,
A lazie lubber made to cheriſh ſloth,
Nought beſides eaſe, his blockiſh trunke doth craue,
From ſecure ſleepe to riſe he's very loth.
Yet this Ile tell him his ſecuritie,
Shall bring his ſloth to extreme penurie.

Sylenus

Sylenus is no ſouldier for thy Tent,
Stout *Iaſon*, which combines thy force with death;
He harmeleſſe ſoule, to liue at eaſe content,
Not in a forraine warre to ſpend his breath.
But thou contemnes baſe ſeruitude, baſe feare,
That thy renowne may to the world appeare.

It doth appeare, for *Pelias* repines,
That thou ſhouldſt get faire *Colchis* monument, Vncle to Iaſon.
Yet thy aſpiring thoughts ſome good diuines,
Aymes at ſome conqueſt, in thy ſacred Tent.
Liue then for euer, thou ſhalt euer liue,
For enuious hate ſhall not thy fame depriue.

I would we had ſuch Argonautes as theſe,
That could and would embarke them on the Sea, *Qui participant paſſionibus, participant conſolationibus. S. Auguſt.*
So to obtaine that prize, that *Golden Fleece*,
Purchaſing heauen by ſuffring miſerie.
Then might we glory full as much or more;
Then euer Greece of *Iaſon* did before.

I would ſuch Argonauts liu de in this Ile,
This Hyble faire, famous by memorie,
That *Hydra*-headed monſter to beguile,
And purchaſe to them immortalitie.
Then ſhould we ſing more Trophies in their praiſe
Then euer *Colchis* did in former daies.

But ſuch is times iniquitie, whoſe frame,
Is out of frame, confuſde, diſordered,
So that ſhe ſeemes to change her timeleſſe name,
Whoſe name was *Golden*, now's relinquiſhed,
That Golden Age, an Iron Age appeares,
Producing nought but ſad euents of feares.

Aurea ſecla.

Once did thoſe Golden Ages flouriſhing
Giue a good morrow to the Eaſterne parts,
VVhere vertues ſpringing, were in nouriſhing,
VVhich miniſtred great comfort to our hearts.
But now the Moon's eclipſde, that age decaide,
Depreſſing downe her head, as one affraide.

Affraid: no maruaile ſince ſuch enmitie,
Ariſeth twixt our manners, and her ſtate,
That they oppoſed ſtand at mutinie,
Which makes the Golden Age, ſo out of date.

Saturnia regna.

Since *Saturnes* kingdomes be diſpeopled here,
Or elſe like ſnailes ſhut in their heads for feare.

Heſiod relates of one *Prometheus*
Who was aſtute and ſubtile in his drifts,
And he reports of *Epymetheus*.
A ſimple ſoule deuoide of cunning ſhifts.

De operib. et dieb vid. Heſiod.

Sure *Epymetheus* liueth in this age,
Prometheus, he is fled for want of wage.

Iupite

Iupiter god of the celeſtiall powers,
Sent on a time *Argicid* as from heauen,
To bring a gift, with limit of his howers,
Vnto *Prometheus*: whereon was engrauen.
Who takes this gift, ſhall preſently enioy
Reſt in his minde, deliuered of annoy.

Prometheus conceiuing what was ment,
By *Ioues* attracting gifts, refuſde the ſame,
For through his wiſedome, he knew *Ioues* intent,
Wherefore this prudent anſwer did he frame.
Argicidas, quoth he, I thanke high *Ioue*, Pomona.
That he hath ſhewde to me his diuine loue.

But foraſmuch as I deſerue the leaſt,
Much leſſe the greateſt and choiſeſt gifts he hath,
I wiſh he ſhould ſome other man inueſt,
With this celeſtiall token of his breath.
Hie thee to *Ioue*, and tell him this from me,
Prometheus binds him to his deitie.

Ioue hauing heard, what ſage *Prometheus* ſaid,
Commended much his humane pollicie,
Prometheus (quoth *Ioue*) is ſore affraide,
Leſt Golden gifts ſmell of hypocriſie.
Well *Epymetheus* wants *Prometheus* ſhifts,
For well I know he will accept my gifts,

But ſuch is times iniquitie, whoſe frame,
Is out of frame, confuſde, diſordered,
So that ſhe ſeemes to change her timeleſſe name,
Whoſe name was *Golden*, now's relinquiſhed,
That Golden Age, an Iron Age appeares,
Producing nought but ſad euents of feares.

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Giue a good morrow to the Eaſterne parts,
VVhere vertues ſpringing, were in nouriſhing,
VVhich miniſtred great comfort to our hearts.
But now the Moon's eclipſde, that age decaide,
Depreſſing downe her head, as one affraide.

Affraid: no maruaile ſince ſuch enmitie,
Ariſeth twixt our manners, and her ſtate,
That they oppoſed ſtand at mutinie,
Which makes the Golden Age, ſo out of date.

Saturnia regna.

Since *Saturnes* kingdomes be diſpeopled here,
Or elſe like ſnailes ſhut in their heads for feare.

Heſiod relates of one *Prometheus*
Who was aſtute and ſubtile in his drifts,
And he reports of *Epymetheus*.
A ſimple ſoule deuoide of cunning ſhifts.

De operib. et dieb vid. Heſiod.

Sure *Epymetheus* liueth in this age,
Prometheus, he is fled for want of wage.

Iupite

Iupiter god of the celestiall powers,
Sent on a time *Argicid* as from heauen,
To bring a gift, w[illegible]h limit of his howers,
Vnto *Prometheus*: whereon was engrauen.
Who takes this gift, shall presently enioy
Rest in his minde, deliuered of annoy.

Prometheus conceiuing what was ment,
By *Ioues* attracting gifts, refusde the same,
For through his wisedome, he knew *Ioues* intent,
Wherefore this prudent answer did he frame.
Argicidas, quoth he, I thanke high *Ioue*, *Pomona.*
That he hath shewde to me his diuine loue.

But forasmuch as I deserue the least,
Much lesse the greatest and choisest gifts he hath,
I wish he should some other man inuest,
With this celestiall token of his breath.
Hie thee to *Ioue*, and tell him this from me,
Prometheus binds him to his deitie.

Ioue hauing heard, what sage *Prometheus* said,
Commended much his humane pollicie,
Prometheus (quoth *Ioue*) is sore affraide,
Lest Golden gifts smell of hypocrisie.
Well *Epymetheus* wants *Prometheus* shifts,
For well I know he will accept my gifts,

And so he did for iudging no deceipt,
For to proceede from *Ioues* high Maiestie,
Of this dissembled gift he made receipt,
Hoping to purchase endlesse memorie
But this sweete hony was dissolude to gall,
And this his precious gift procurde his fall.

This was the great desire he had to know
What did concerne the mysteries of *Ioue*,
From this same roote aspiring branches grow,
Which doe extirpe the seeds of Christian loue.
Presumption of our knowledge, and desire,
Of knowing more doth in our thoughts aspire.

Fond *Epymetheus* not content to know,
That which allotted was vnto his share,
Desires a further scope then earth below,
That his high knowledge might surpasse compare.
Wherefore derided he the state of such,
As did not care for knowing ouermuch.

Scientia boni & mali mala. Gen. chap. 2. vers. 17.

And since that time we haue desirde to know
Things too transcendent, higher then our reach,
Mysticall types which God did neuer show
To vs, or euer deignde the same to teach,
Thinking that fittest for mans shallow sence,
Which paralleld his straite circumference.

This fond preſumption is a ſtep to ſinne,
No it's the roote, and ground of our diſtreſſe,
By which we ſee the Gulph we wallow in,
The manſion of our woe and wretchedneſſe.
This is the ſea of our diſtreſſe and woe,
Which doth oppreſſe vs, whereſoere we goe.

Radix malorũ ab ima voragine quocœtus omnium vitiorum exceſſit Cicer. in ora. cont. Saluſt.

And ſure as long as theſe preſumptuous ſinnes
Doe burgen in vs, with their full encreaſe,
Like *Oedipus* his two accurſed twins
Erected for the ruine of our peace.
Farewell content in men of each degree,
If thou be proud, foule hate will follow thee.

Polynices & Etecoles. vid. Heſyod.

Thou canſt not haue the Fleece of Colchis Ile,
Nor that reſplendent Fleece of ſanctitie,
For why? preſumption doth thy thoughts beguile,
Pride cannot dwell with poore humilitie.
Thou mayſt remaine, and flouriſh for a time,
But ill ſucceſſe will intercept thy prime.

Pſalm. 36.

So on thy courſe, and with the Giants fierce,
Wage battaile with the Gods of heauen and earth,
Seeme as thou would the ſtarres with *Iulian* pierce,
Outdare the Authour of thy curſed birth.
Care not for God or man, but in deſpite,
Damnation in thine vgly forehead write.

Virg. in 1. lib. Geor. tum partu terra neſando, &c.

Scires a Pallade doctam. Quod tamen ipsa negat. Ouid Met. lib. sexto.

Arachne, she can weaue her purp'e threede,
And well conceited of her curious skill,
Challengeth stately *Pallas* with all speede,
Whose Art this Art did into her distill,
Pallas (quoth she) I hope I may compare,
With you in spinning, if you better were.

Tanᵗaque offensa magistra, certet ait, mecum? ibid.

But what succeeded? *Pallas* did replie,
Minion, ere long, Ile teach you to confesse,
Your fond presumption: who, I pray, am I,
Your mistresse sure, I will approue no lesse.
This doth proceede from thy inuectiue tong,
VVhich by this heauenly feature, Ile make dumbe.

Desiuere comæ, cum queis et naris et aures.

No sooner had she spoken, but her forme
VVas quite transformde into another shape,
Two twigs by *Pallas* will, did her adorne,
This feature got she for presumption sake.
And that which had a comely forme before,
In Spiders likenesse doth her state deplore.

Atque ita viue quidem, pende, tamen improba dixit. Ibid. Vid. Plin. in Nat. Hist.

These be the fruits of a presumptuous minde,
Bitter in taste, working thee Authors baine,
And like a Viper deadly to her kinde,
VVhich by engendring, breedeth endlesse paine.
This will dispoile thee of thy *Golden Fleece*,
Nere to returne from Colchis into Greece.

Be

Be humble, meeke, obedient to thine head, Obedience.
Leaſt with a ſudden ouerthrow thy friend,
Condole thy fortune by misfortune lead,
Yet cannot by his ſaluc, thy griefes amend.
So ſuccourleſſe and eke diſtreſt with griefe,
In thy diſtreſſe canſt purchaſe no reliefe.

The loweſt Tamricke is the ſaf'ſt from haile, *Arbores altius plantatæ citius ventorũ propter vehementiã foliis priuãtur. Stel. de cont. mund.* Eccl. 9. chap. verſ. 11.
The loftieſt Cedar's ſooneſt throwen down,
An humble minde ther's nought that can appal,
High ſpirits be moſt ſubiect to a frown.
Each thing by Nature muſt one time decay,
But meane eſtates be ſaf'ſt from harme alway.

If thou wilt haue this *Golden Fleece*, this prize,
Thou muſt embarke thy ſelfe in troups of griefe,
Thoſe who obtaine thy conqueſt, ſloth diſpiſe,
Oftimes diſmaid without the leaſt reliefe.
And then if thou wilt conquer, thou muſt fight,
By meditation gainſt ſin, day and night.

The valiant Argonautes did not refuſe,
Haile, raine or ſnow for to obtaine that gaine,
Vnder a faignde pretence they not refuſe,
Their ſerious labour or induſtrious paine.
Wherefore they got the hauen of their reſt,
And did enioy that which they loued beſt.

A worthy prize, if prizes temporall,
Can haue ſuch worth, or yet deſerue ſuch labour:
Who will not ſeeke a price cœleſtiall
Purchaſde by earneſt ſuite and Gods high fauour?
Luke chap. 12. verſ. 33. Then let it be our will, our onely pleaſure,
Sell all we haue, and buy this heauenly treaſure.

No ruſt can ere conſume this precious gemme,
No mothes can eate into this ſacred ſhrine,
A Roabe moſt fit for well diſpoſed men,
Who at an others ſtate doe not repine.
Via anguſta &c. arctiſſima porta. Of this be ſure, who enuies each mans ſtate,
Shall neuer enter in the narrow gate.

If that the Argonautes with mutuall ſplene,
Should haue enuide at each an others worth,
With this ſame prize, they neere enricht had been,
But with vnluckie labours curſt their birth.
A threefold cord is hardly broke men ſay,
But being diſſolude, like vapours glides away.

Εἷς χοί- ραν⸗ ἔσω εἷς βασι- λεύς. *vnus Dominus ſit vnus Rex. vid. Calliſt. vit.* Then let this mutuall loue diſpell each hate,
And each reuenge pretended in your hearts,
Nothing is more pernicious then debate,
Which flouriſhing Empires many time ſubuerts.
This is the ſtate of men that each will crie,
Cæſar aut Nullus to their enemie.

Cæſar

Cæsar if he had raignde in common loue,
Or gouerned his Realme in amitie,
Brutus his owne adopted would approue,
Of his proceedings: without enmitie.
But these aspiring heads be oft brought low,
With *tu mi Brute*, thoule kill *Cæsar* too.

But of all discords in an humane sence,
None more detested then a brothers hate,
Remus against *Romulus* prepares defence,
Amulius with *Numitor* debate.
And rich *Sichæus* must of force be slaine,
Alcydes priest, by his *Pigmalion*.

Tit. Liu. patauin. 1. dec. ad. et lib. 1.

Virg. in 1. lib. Aene. Ille Sychaũ impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore, clam ferro incautum superat. securus amorum Germani.

These sharpe contentions cannot get the price,
But ruine their owne forces by their hand,
These are not vndertaken by aduice,
But guided by the Eumenides commaund.
All things haue end, to these vnhappie end,
By short prescription, Lord of Lords will send.

Eumenidũque sata. Virg.

Caine is offended with his louing brother,
And whats the cause, perchance his sacrifice
Is better farre respected then the other,
Which he doth offer: wherefore thence he flies,
And doth prouide, by his accursed breath,
To be the Agent of his brothers death.

Yet *Abels* bloud, like to the morning dew,
Aſcendeth vp vnto Gods heauenly throne,
Shewing how *Caine*, his hands did erſt embrew,
In brothers bloud, his bloud to heauen doth grone
Wherefore the Lord, who takes reuenge of ſinne,
Damn'd *Cains* deſpaire, which he did welter in.

Gen. chap. 4. verſ. 9.

Caine wher's thy brother? *Caine* doth anſwer him,
Am I my brothers keeper? inſolence
Dar'ſt thou that art compact of nought but ſinne,
Anſwer him ſo? whoſe heauenly excellence.
Ruleth each thing, and hath created thee
To laud his name, not grieue his maieſtie.

Go thou thy way, for thou canſt ne're obtaine
This *Golden Fleece*, interred in diſpaire,
Go wag thine head, with thy diſtracted braine,
Thou of perdition art the lineall heire.
The *Golden Fleece* is kept for ſuch as liue,
To pleaſe their God, and not their God to grieue.

Valerius Tit. Liu. pag. 20. Vibes quoque vt catera, ex infimo naſci. &c.

But ſuch as like the Sabines do diſdaine,
That ere the Romans ſhould in mariage ioyne,
With their renowned ſtocke, and thinke it ſhame,
That their vpſtart deſcent, ſhould them detaine.
Shall ſoone be vanquiſht, and deuoid of aide,
To darke obliuions Tombe, retire, diſmaid.

The

The Golden Fleece.

The Argonautes, who got the *Golden Fleece*,
Neuer disdaind to ioyne with any power,
Combinde with euery Nation in a peace,
Which did distill like *Danaes* Golden shower.
This golden peace did get them that renowne,
Which all the Ile of Colchis puld not downe.

Vt pax Gabiorũ, cuius indignissimam quidem speciem teterrima bella sequuta sunt Vid. Ouid. in fast. Cleobis et Byton.

Nought there can be more strong then vnitie,
If so that vnion doe no discord breede,
For it effects things worthy memory,
Which no commotion in the state doth feede.
For wealth and peace blest *Ægiae* kinde twins,
With mutuall passions, mutuall honour wins.

Both weepe at once, both smile with like desire,
Both walke, both stand, both make a like repose,
And to conclude they burne with equall fire,
Both win at once, both equally doe lose.
Nought there can be, being borne of selfesame mother,
Belonging to the one, not to the other.

And then what is it which obtaines this prize?
Not wealth, nor treasure in aboundance had,
To get this prize, is not to temporize,
For flattery in Princes seemes too bad.
And time obseruers be of small regard,
VVhen diuine honour is the due reward.

Doe

Doe not with gloſing, nor with ſugred ſpeech
Thinke to allure thy God, vnto thy will:
Of thy fraile temple he can make a breach,
And in one moment ſoule and bodie kill.
The difference twixt God and man aſſignde,
One kils the bodie, the other kils the minde.

Matt. 10. 28. Care not for him, that hath power corporall,
Able to kill the bodie is the worſt,
But care for him whoſe power cœleſtiall,
For he can make both ſoule and bodie curſt.
Wherefore take heede, thou do not grieue that God,
Who can auenge thy folly with his rod.

Vbi non eſt per gratiam, adeſt per vindictam. Almes. Eccl. chap. 7 verſ. 32. Be ſo determinde in thy daily labour,
That thou offend not Gods high maieſtie,
For he that is out of Gods heauenly fauour,
Shall be deſtroyed by his deitie.
The Lord hath pittie, when he ſeeth vs take
Compaſſion on the poore for Chriſt his ſake.

Amos. chap. 6. verſ. 6. But when with impudent and careleſſe eye,
We doe neglect the cries of ſilly ſoules,
And wallowing in deepe ſecuritie,
Cheriſh our pleaſures; and drinke wine in bowles.
Whileſt we annoint our ſelues with ointments ſweet,
Who will with teares of ſorrow waſh Chriſts feete?

No

No man is ſory for poore *Ioſephs* woe,
Ioſephs affliction doth not touch our hearts,
Pleaſures induce vs where ſo ere we goe,
Sinnes lamentation inſtantly departs.
Ioſeph in priſon, we ſweete pleaſures taſte, Gen. chap. 39. verſ. 20.
Relieude by none, til all his griefes be paſte.

Thoſe who contemne the miſeries of men,
Shall nere attaine vnto this Golden prize,
Theſe like to ſauage Lions in their den,
VVith proud *Caligula*, do tirannize.
Nere ſhall they come to reſt, but endleſſe warre Mat. 2. chap. verſ. 10.
Shall ſcatter them, without a ſhepheards ſtarre.

Caligula would many times reproue,
The Gods on high, in that they did withſtand,
His Saints ordainde to purchaſe peoples loue,
And brandiſhing a weapon in his hand.
Come *Aeolus* (quoth he) and all yee Gods,
Ile whip you like to ſcholeboies with my rods.

Yet when he heard the meſſenger of raine, *Qui Deos tantopere cõtemneret, ad minima tonitrua et falgura, conniuere, caput obuoluere, ad vero maiora properet e ſtrato, ſub lectumque condere ſolebat. Vid. Suet. in vit. Calig.*
Thũder, with crackling noiſe, come hurrying down,
Then he proud man, to hide himſelfe was faine,
And who was high before, is humble growne.
For wandring what did hurrie ore his head
Fond witleſſe man, he crept vnder his bed.

Caligula could neuer get this prize,
For he abaſhed was at euery ſtorme,
Nor with affiance could lift vp his eyes,
To that ſame God, whoſe grace doth man adorne
For Grace doth beautifie each creature well,
And is a meanes foule vice for to expell.

Now whoſoeuer will obtaine that prize,
That *Golden Fleece*, euen that celeſtiall treaſure,
Let him feare Gods high power in any wiſe,
Time et Timor. And dedicate his life to Gods good pleaſure.
Then he cannot but get this precious gemme,
Reſerude for ſuch as be religious men.

There was a world though that waxe hoary now,
VVhen vertue was the ſcope each leueld at,
But few will vertue in their actions ſhow,
All be reſpectiue of their priuate gaine.
This priuate ſtate is mundane happineſſe,
VVhich is the groundworke of our wretchedneſſe.

Quis eſt amicus Dei? qui nimirum mũdum contemnit propter Deum. Stell. de cont. mũd. lib. 2. Leaue all thy wealth and thy preferment quite,
Flie to the Anchor of thy hope and ſtay,
Heres *Iacobs* ladder, which may thee incite,
Vpon thy ſoueraigne Lord thine head to lay,
Chriſt is no place whereon to laie his head,
But Chriſt his hand will vs to glory leade.

In foraminibus et cauernulis petræ &c. Cantic. chap. 2. verſ. 14.

Buie

Buie once this gemme again, and tell me then,
If euer Iewell were of ſuch a price,
A Iewell requiſite for Chriſtian men,
For her's no Chriſtian that will it deſpiſe.
Sell all and buie it, for it will procure
Thy endleſſe ſafetie which will ere endure.

What is it drawes thee from thy louing Lord?
Is it promotion? hope of preſent gaine?
Or is it all that fraile earth can afford? (taine.
Nought but vaine ſhadowes doth fraile earth con-
Leaue then the ſhadow, and the ſubſtance get;
Immortall things immortall minds beſet.

What was the reaſon *Alexander* thought, (was?
Nought could containe mans mind that worldly
Euen foraſmuch as he for honour ſought
Which hauing gotten like a ſhade did paſſe.
And hauing conquerde all the world beſide,
Yet he perceiude nought conſtant could abide.

And therefore ſlew *Calisthenes. vid. Quin. Curt. Quia eum pro Deo venerari noluit. &c.*

One arrow piercing *Alexanders* thigh, (bloud,
From whence there guſhed ſtreames of crimſon
Now doe I grant (quoth he) mortalitie
Is incident to me, as here is ſhewed.
Nor prince nor begger can debarre his ſtate,
To be eclipſed by a mortall date.

Homines dicunt me eſſe immortalem, ſed hæc ſagitta probat me eſſe mortalem Ibid.

Thou that wilt winne this *Golden Fleece*, this prize,
Confesse thy selfe a man and not a God,
With pure deuotion eleuate thine eyes,
Psalm. 2. Least thou be dasht in peeces by his rod.
And being dasht neuer receiue againe
Gods diuine spirit, A Cordiall for thy paine.

Get thee to *Noahs* Arke, and like a Doue,
Come flying with an Oliue in thy bill,
The Oliue is the token of true loue,
Gen. chap. 8. ver. 11. Which will the hatred of the serpent kill.
For thou as long as thou abidest there,
No ouerflowing deluge needs to feare.

When *Zethes* aged *Boreas* sonne and heire,
Came downe from Colchis into Arcadie,
When vnto *Phineus* Court he did repaire,
And was receiude by *Phineus* sumptuously.
He ayded *Phineus* the Harpies to expell,
VVhose filthie ordure gaue a noisome smell.

For wheresoeuer *Phineus* did goe,
They did pursue him, both by Sea and land,
And made king *Phineus* full of dismall woe,
For they were plagues inflicted by *Ioues* hand.
In that he did put out his childrens eyes,
VVhich did ascend to *Ioue* with wofull cries.

Zethes

Zethes by force expelde theſe cruell birds,
Expulſing them the bounds of Arcadie,
And for his welcome, this kinde loue affords,
And loue for loue is ſhowne as mutually.
It was an almes for to renew his life,
Since what was done, was plotted by his wife.

Mali ominis aues, &c.

Idea.

Then this example ſhall induce thy loue,
Not with vnthankfull and forgetfull minde,
For to requite his kindneſſe who did proue
A faithfull friend, and in diſtreſſe moſt kinde.
For *Zethes* was in great diſtreſſe before,
Till he arriude vpon th'Arcadian ſhore.

Miſerum eſt ingratum eſſe hominem. Plaut. ingrato homine pius terra nil creat Auſonius.

And ſure vnthankfull minds be moſt accurſt,
Since they like Vipers be vnkind to thoſe
Who toſtred them, and make their wombes to burſt,
Vipers to Vipers be the hatefull foes.
Many foule vice, ſaith *Seneca*, I ken,
In Rome, yet none worſe then vnthankfull men.

Officioſa aliis exitioſa ſuis. Alcia. in Emblem.

In Epiſt. ad Lucil.

It is inhumane to forget good will,
The king of Perſia did accept a gift,
Euen a ſmall handfull which a wife did fill
Of liquid water, void of ſubtile drift.
This he accepted, and with like deſert,
repaid the kindneſſe of her louing heart.

Darius. Vid. Apoth. Plutar. et Eraſm. Roterod.

Inimica animam, exinanitio meritorum, diſperſio virtutum, &c. S. Bernard.

And ſure who is vngratefull to his friend,
Shall nere obtaine this ſacred prize of heauen.
And ſince Gods bountie ſtore of gifts doth ſend,
Striue in an equall poize, to be found euen.
And whenſoere thou doeſt perceiue Gods grace,
Stirre thee to good, ceaſe not his name to praiſe,

Thou an vnfruitfull ſeruant, doe thy beſt,
Yet all thou doeſt, not ſo much as thou ought,
Chriſt with his ſacred robe doth thee inueſt,
And in his mercy hath thee homeward brought.
And yet thou wandreſt in the fields aſtray,
Vnleſſe Gods mercy be thy hold and ſtay.

Amica luto ſus. Horat. Sus lutulenta Cic. in dec. cont. Saluſt.

He is thine hold, yet like a drunken man,
Thou reeleſt from his ſhoulders to depart,
Vnto thy vaine delights, doe what hee can,
With ſecond death thou penetrat'ſt his heart.
Thou mak'ſt it bleede afreſh, and in thy ſin,
Like Sow in mire delight'ſt to wallow in.

Lament thy ſtragling footſteps, thy offences.
Lament the horrour of thy miſ ſpent time,
Lament thy ſinne, thine Hypocrite pretences,
Lament: ſo ſhall ſoules-ſplendour brightly ſhine.
The ſpirit and the fleſh bandie their force,
With fleſh the diuell ioynes without remorce.

Be

Be thou remorcefull, and the Lord will take
Pitie vpon all thine infirmities,
Euen for his death, and for his paſſions ſake,
Will he exempt thee thine enormities,
And bring thee to the place of heauenly ioy,
Void of diſtreſſe, exempted from annoy.

Buy this celeſtial treaſure, this reward,
This heauenly Manna, made for Angels foode,
This precious iewell all wiſe men regard,
Purchaſde to vs, by Chriſts effuſed bloud.
This is no *Toloſanum aurum*, which was brought
To Rome by *Q. Cepio*, deerely bought.

Vid. Aulum Gell. in Att. noctib.

That was the ruine of him that did find it,
This is the bleſſing of him, doth poſſeſſe it,
Who is he then that will not greatly minde it?
To be the worthieſt gem, who'le not confeſſe it?
Since who obtaines it, laſting life obtaines,
Albeit precious, got with little paines.

That is *obrizum aurum*, gold refined,
Purer then Criſtall, cleerer then the Glaſſe,
This heauenly treaſure is to ſuch aſſignde,
As in deuotion doe their life time paſſe.
Then get this gold, and like a bracelet tie it,
About thine arme, ſell all thy goods and buy it.

Then ſhalt thou get this *Golden Fleece* of ioy,
Solace vnto thy ſoule, and endleſſe bliſſe,
Eſteeme not of it, as a triuiall toy,
Since it's the hauen of thy happineſſe.
Cor. chap. 9. verſ. 24. So runne & ſo continue in thy running,
That thou maiſt be eternizd at Chriſts comming.

Perfectio virtutis eſt perſeuerantia. None muſt obtaine, vnleſſe they holde their courſe,
For he that liueth muſt proceed therewith,
And this ſame leweſſe will each man enforce,
To runne all breathleſſe to recouer breath.
God grant we may ſo runne this mortal race,
That we with ioy, may ſee Gods heau'nly face.

Alwaies prouided for the day to come,
Leaſt vnawares our ſoule ſuſtaine the ſpoyle,
And then euen ſpeechleſſe we appeare as dumbe,
And vndergoe an euerduring toyle.
Then ſhall we weepe, and eke deplore our ſtate,
But lamentation then will come too late.

Matth. 25. chap. verſ. 12. Thoſe fiue wiſe Virgins had their Lamps prouided,
Therefore they were accepted in the roome
Of nuptiall rites, the other were derided,
That vnprouided would preſume to come.
Oh then let vs prouide our Lampes with oyle,
So ſhall the Lord vs of our ſinne aſſoyle.

For

For thoſe who haue no oyle within their lights,
Shall bee debarred heau'nſ licitie,
And reſt enthroned in perpetuall night,
Where howling is their ſweeteſt harmonie.
Nothing is better then prouiſion ſure,
To get that life, which euer ſhall endure.

Many intend to ſpend their worthleſſe life,
In raking riches through deſire of gaine,
But ſuch things be the nouriſhers of ſtrife,
And this thy ſubſtance will thy conſcience ſtaine.
It ſhall diſtaine thy conſcience and oppreſſe,
Thy deere bought ſoule with gall of bitterneſſe.

Galde be he euer, that beſtowes his time,
In things offenſiue to Gods maieſtie,
Employing not himſelfe in things diuine,
But in prophaneneſſe and impietie.
Soone die they in deſpaire and diſcontent,
Who grieue their God, and grieuing not repent.

Pœnitentia vera nunquã eſt ſera.

There can be nothing happier then that man,
Who doth direct his induſtrie therein,
Which is concordant to Gods high commaund,
The ſafeſt antidote againſt all ſin.
For he ſhall ſure obtaine that prize, that pay,
Which power of darkneſſe neuer ſhall take away.

Pœnitentia ſera raro eſt vera. Aug.

Labour for this, and then thou ſhalt doe well,
Thou ſhalt attaine vnto the port of reſt,
There to remaine euen in that ſacred cell,
Which aboue all is to be loued beſt.
That ſacred manſion of tranquilitie,
Eternall reſt of heau'ns felicity.

Sidus nauigantiũ, naufragii portus. S. Auguſt.

Who would remaine in this ſalt Sea of woe?
In this vnfruitfull vale of miſerie?
Who would in ſinners pathes delight to goe?
Since nought there is but ſharpe calamitie.
Be not beſotted with this earthly pleaſure,
Leſt thou do leeſe the hope of heauenly treaſure.

And then farewell fond man, for thy diſtreſſe,
Cannot be vttred by the tongue of any,
Such is the platforme of thy wretchedneſſe,
That thy diſtreſſes be in number many.
And then an Ætna with a ſcorching flame,
Shall vexe thy ſoule with euerlaſting paine.

Aetna a moũtaine in Sicilie, now called *Gibello monte*, from whẽce iſſue forth whole fi.kes of fire, proceeding out of the aduſted matter of the earth. *Vid. Iuſt.*

Now giue a ſob, in token of thy griefe,
Now weepe amaine, leaſt thou remorceleſſe die,
A ſigh perchance will yeeld thee ſome reliefe,
And make thee with a dolefull heart to crie
Pittie deare Lord, pittie good God, I craue,
I doe confeſſe, that I offended haue.

Quando ſpiritus hominis ſuſpirat, ſpiritus Dei aſpirat.

This

This ſhort petition will appeaſe his ire,
Such is his mercy towards penitents,
And though it burnd before more hote then fire,
Yet at thy teares he preſently relents.
And anſwers thee, if thou wilt ceaſe from ſin,
Thou ſhalt in ioy for euer raigne with him.

If thoule not weepe, Ieſus will weepe for thee,
For ore Ieruſalem did he lament,
He will condole thy woe, thy miſerie,
And tell thee plaine, thy fall is imminent.
He hath more feeling of our wretchedneſſe,
Then we our ſelues haue of our owne diſtreſſe.

How often hath he calde vs euen with teares,
Stretching his racked armes vpon the croſſe,
Yet we runne headlong, void of filiall feare,
Secure and careleſſe of our owne ſoules loſſe.
Oh weepe for ſhame, and let thy teares bewaile,
Thy careleſſe life, which did thy Sauiour naile.

Shall thy diſtreſſe more moue another man,
Then thine owne heart? which ſhould ſuſtaine the (griefe,
Sure whoſoeuer ſhall thy folly ſcan,
Will deeme thee moſt vnworthie of reliefe.
For this thy ſoule is cauterizde with ſin,
Which thou for euer meanes to dally in.

Laſci-

Dicit se vetulam, cum sit Cærula puppa puppem sed icit Gellia cũ sit Anus. Ferre nec hanc possis, possis Coliue, nec illam, altera ridicula est, altera putidula. Valer. Martial. in Quar. lib. Epigram

Lasciuious minion that consumes thy daies,
In tricking vp thy selfe in fine attire,
In decking those proud parts thy name decayes,
Thy honour fa les, dishonourd by desire.
Thou with the Argonautes shalt ne.e obtaine,
Without Gods speciall grace, this heauenly gain e.

Yet if with *Marie Magdalen* thou weepe,
And shed salt teares in token of remorce,
If thou repose not in a sinfull sleepe,
Thy teares, thy sighes, shall be of equall force.
Cleere to exempt thee from the sting of death,
Which otherwise with mist would choak thy breath.

Luke. chap. 22. vers. 62.
Gen. chap. 3. vers. 8.

Oh that I could lament as *Peter* did,
Oh then should I to mercy haue recourse,
But through dist ust of mercy I am hid,
With *Adam* in the grone, made worse and worse.
Oh mollifie (deare Lord) this heart of mine,
That in contrition I may be found thine.

What if I haue aboundance of all treasure?
Wallow in curious cates, and sumptuous fare?
Yet all my deeds opponents to Gods pleasure,
Oh th n (God knowes) how poore I am and bare?
Naked, forlorne, oppress with misery,
And so distrest, who ist will p.tie me?

Grant

Grant vs deare Lord, ſo to employ our time, — A petition.
And ſo our talent thou to vs haſt lent
That like the ſtarres in glory we may ſhine,
And reape the fruits of pilgrims ſteps well ſpent. — *Lux oriens ab alto ſol Iuſtitiæ.*
So ſhall that Orient Sun our eyes delight,
And beautifie vs, both by day and night.

So ſhall that heauenly light enlighten vs,
That we ſhall neuer ſtray from Gods deſire,
Not turning things conuenient to abuſe,
Nor through preſumptuous folly to aſpire.
For true humility ſhall ere protect vs, — Humilitie.
And in this night of darkneſſe ſhall direct vs.

Stay thee a little while, ere thou proceede,
Doe not go hurrying on thine headlong courſe, — *Allocutio ad ſeipſum.*
With bitter Satyres make mens hearts to bleede,
Leaſt they by reading be made worſe and worſe.
So reade, and ſo conceiue amidſt thy reading,
Thy ſtony heart for ſinne may fall a bleeding. — *Inſtitutio.*

Yet will I know thou canſt not this performe,
'n the firſt progreſſe of thine hapleſſe race,
Without Gods Spirit (poore ſoule) thou art forlorne,
Wherefore with teares call vnto God for grace.
Grace will illuminate thy purblinde eies,
Before whoſe beames, whole heaps of vapors lies.

Solace

Solace thy ſelfe in that which is diuine
Doe not beſtow thy time in wantonneſſe,
Direct thy pathes vnto the equall line
Of Gods directions, where thine happineſſe
Onely conſiſteth: and dependance hauing,
Is ſoone obtained by inceſſant crauing.

Fons perennis integer manans. S. Auguſt.

Is not this mercy, and a kindneſſe great,
To be delighted onely in beſtowing.
For when for mercy we doe him entreate,
Mercy we haue, as from a fountaine flowing.
And this ſame fountaine dried vp is neuer,
But floweth with continuall graces euer.

Ionah. chap. 3.

Then beate thine heart, and be aſhamde of ſinne,
Put thee on ſackcloth, and in heart relent,
The goale is gotten, and the triumph winne,
Heau'ns Paradiſe attainde, if thou repent.
Pierce thine obdurate heart with moiſturde teares,
And then ſoules comfort ſhall diſpell all feares.

Cum timore et tremore.

Tremble and be aſtoniſht for thy life,
In that thou haſt offended thy good God,
Put from thee all contention, and all ſtrife,
Leſt thou be puniſht by his fearefull rod.
And that his rod ſhall be eternall fire,
Prepar'd for hardned ſinners as their hire.

Deus quia vere bonus. Vid. S. Aug. in Meditat.

But

But if thou ceaſe from ſinning, then receiue,
Venite, bleſſed of my father come,
Like ſheepe vpon my right hand you ſhall haue,
Rewards prouided for you by his ſonne.
The other branded with *Abite* goe,
Into the lake of brimſtone full of woe. Apoc. chap. 19. verſ. 20.

Oh that we might attaine vnto that heauen,
Whoſe gates are purer then the fineſt Gold,
Admirde in viſion by the Martyr *Stephen*,
Promiſde to *Dauids* ſeede, in time of old. Act. chap. 7 verſ. 55. 56.
Grant gracious Lord, that we may ſo endeuour,
That we with thee may raigne in ioyes for euer. Petition.

So let thy countenance ſhine vpon that miſt
Of ignorance, which hath obſcurde our minds,
That we may be by Chores of Angels bliſt,
As thoſe, to whom be ſeuerall ioyes aſſignde.
As thoſe who haue obtainde the hauen of bliſſe,
Enthroned in the thrones of happineſſe. *Quamuis diſparſi ſingulorũ gloria, tamen communis eſt omnium lætitia. Auſt.*

Oh let thy gracious fauour flouriſh ſtill
With a continuance of thine heauenly loue,
Directed by the leuell of thy will,
Without a blemiſh, ſporleſſe, as the Doue.
So ſhall we laud and magnifie thy name,
That deigned haſt to make vs free from blame.

Ler

Let vs with ſpeede take vp our bed and walke,
Let vs not wallow in laſciuious beds,
Let vs with ſpeede, heare what our Chriſt doth talke,
Sounding alarums in our deateſt eares.
Come vnto me that labour, and are diſtreſt,
Retire to me, for you ſhal be refreſht.

Plus affectus quam affatus, plus gemitibus quam ſermonibus efficitur, &c.

Is not this ſolace to thy wearied ſpirit?
Is not this comfort to thine heauie load?
Since Chriſt rewardeth thee, who nought doth merit,
A greater kindneſſe, neuer could be ſhowd.
Lament thy ſin with teares, thy Chriſt doth craue,
He'le in his mercy, ſoule and bodie ſaue.

Now is the *Golden Fleece* attainde vnto,
Then which no gem more precious or more faire,
Since Chriſt doth of our worthleſſe works allow,
And hath adopted vs to be his heire.
This *Go'den Fleece* is got, none can withſtand
The confirmation of Gods ſacred hand.

He hath cancelled the handwriting he had againſt vs v. 8. &c. Cantic. chap. 7. v. 4.

Cancell'd he hath the writing which he had,
To ſhew againſt vs, & his precious bloud,
Which he effuſde for vs that earſt were bad,
Hath waſh away our ſinnes: O bleſſed foode.
More fruitfull & more ſweete then Heſhbons pooles,
Whote pleaſant ſtreames refreſhed thirſtie ſoules.

Flow

Flow thou for euer ſweeteſt of all ſweets,
Whoſe Nectar fountains reliſheth our gall,
And with a kinde ſalute our anguiſh greets,
Protecting vs, leaſt our fraile ſteps ſhould fall.
Defend vs Lord, and as thou hether haſt,
Protected vs, continue thy repaſt.

S a ent am. broſia et ne. ctare. &c.

For thy repaſt will nouriſh vs for aye,
And feed our hunger-bitten ſoules with cates,
And ſundry diſhes, euen from day to day,
Hauing promoted vs to high eſtates.
VVhat cauſe haſt thou, ſince we deſerued leaſt,
To faſhion vs like man, and not like beaſt?

It was thy mercy Lord not our deſerts,
That thou ſhouldſt this impart vnto thy foes,
Bleſſings full manie flowing in our hearts,
As in redemption from ſoule-bleeding woes.
Lord theſe thy bleſſings what tongue can vnfolde
This which our Fathers haue declarde of old?

Thou mightſt haue made me like a worme or beaſt,
Or ſenceleſſe creature, like to plants or ſtones,
But with thine owne forme thou didſt me inueſt,
Like to thy ſelfe, and thy elected ones.
For which I cannot giue thee worthy praiſe,
Yet I will praiſe thee, and thy name alwaies.

In Perſons Auctoris.

O that the nature of our ſtony hearts
Would be diſſolude to teares, whil'ſt they receiue
Thoſe inward paſſions ſuffred for our parts.
For whoſe extreameſt ſorrowes we do craue.
A Petition. That God would pittie take, and vs redreſſe,
Which deſtitute of helpe, are comfortleſſe.

Gaudiũ per quod gaudeo, quando ſane gaudeo, &c.

Thou art our comfort, and our ſolacer,
That ſolaceſt our miſerie and woe,
Thou art our piller and our nouriſher,
VVho doeſt ſuſtaine vs whereſoere we goe,
Then happie wee, ſince happineſſe conſiſts,
To be by thee in heau'n for euer bliſt.

Bleſt be he euer that reſides in Chriſt,
And doth repoſe his comfort in his loue,
For in his loue all happineſſe compriſde
Hele fixe the Anchor which will nere remoue,
Let vs exceede, if ſo we can exceede
In louing him, who for our loue did bleede.

Neuer did man ſuſtaine, that he ſuſtained,
To expiate that ſinne, we had committed,
For by his death, eternall life we gained,
And we vnto his fauour were admitted.
Pittie vs Lord, as we haue heere tranſgreſſed,
Endew vs with that grace, we haue profeſſed.

If

If I could merit, then there were no neede
Of any merits Christ hath wrought for me,
But Christs deere heart did for my follies bleede,
And he was wounded for my misery.
Then for thy wounds, and for thy passion sake,
Saue me O Lord, whom thou didst re-create.

O mirabilis censura conditio, et ineffabilis mysterii dispositio, &c. August. I. med. cap. 7.

Petition.

I haue gone wandring in this surging sea
Of many troubles, shipt in waues of woe,
I was depriued of the puritie flow.
Of mine owne soule, from whence these griefes did
For mine owne soule defiled is with mudde,
Which erst was raised by thy precious bloud.

In pers. Author.

Weepe now, hard heart, and call to minde the death
Of thy sweete Sauiour, who appeasde the ire
Of Gods displeasure, and whose heauenly breath,
Attempred that which burnd more hote then fire.
There is no marble-heart so hardened,
But by Christs death, it will be mollified.

Da mihi irriguũ superius & inferius.

Oh stonie conscience fraught with wretchednesse,
Oh vile disfigurde creature made of sinne,
Thou that compacted art of wickednesse,
How by thy merits canst thou fauour winne?
Nay, nay to flie to them, thou wouldst be loth,
For they be filthier then a menstruous cloth.

Psal. Dauid.

In ludibrio fratris nouos transilire muros. T. Liuius Patau.

Here let me fixe my ſtaffe with *Scipio*,
And ſet my foote vnto *Alcydes* frame,
Beyond which pillers neuer one could goe,
Non vltra fixte, to memorize his name.
Here's *Romulus* high wal, who leapes ore this,
With *Remus* vnder it interred is.

Scipios firme ſtaffe I haue deſixed here,
In token that my prouince is obtainde,
Vnto whoſe ſacred ſhrine let all draw nere,
Now is the prize, the *Golden Fleece* regainde,
That *Golden Fleece* the ſubiect of my verſe,
The rareſt *Motto* on a dead mans herſe.

Seneca in tragæd. Oeta. Hercul.

For none that dieth, pleaſure can enioy,
Vnleſſe he haue a garment made of this,
Not like that poiſoned ſhirt which did annoy,
Oetean Hercules depriude of bliſſe.
This is the garment of our chaſtitie,
The milke-white Albe of our ſinceritie.

Who doth not make his garment of this woole,
Purer then purple of the fineſt dye,
Doth his owne ſoule with wickednes defoule,
Depriude of Chriſts death, means to cure his pain
This garment is the ornament of loue,
That Oliue branch brought by a Turtle Doue.

Th

The Tyrians were rich, with orient gemme,
Yet not ſo rich, as this moſt precious iewell,
The Arabians ſweete perfumed odors ſends,
But thoſe for daintie dames remaine as fewell:
Pontus brings forth rich beuers of all kind,
But not comparde vnto the peace of mind.

Tyrrhenæ veſtes. prouerb.

Tmolus amomum mittit.

India is rich, furniſht with golden mines,
But ſauage minds poſſeſſe them without vſe,
More expert coaſts, at the Indians rapines,
In that ſuch precious mettals they abuſe.
But we repine not at their Indians gaine,
So we this heauenly treaſure may obtaine.

Viroſaque Pontus caſtorea, Elyadum palmas Phyros equarũ. Virg. Super extremos penetrabit Indos. Longe qualiter reſonante Eoa tunde tur vnda. Catul. 2. lib. elez.

Cræſus was rich, yet he obtainde not this,
Irus was poore, *Codrus* as poore as he,
And theſe two beggars had their ſhare of bliſſe,
As much as *Cræſus* for his maieſtie.
Then what doe I regard ſuch wealth, ſuch ſtore,
Since after death, I am not bleſt therefore.

Trog. Pomp. & Zenoph. in cyrop. Ouid. in Epiſt. vid. Quint. Curtium in vit. Alexan. de obit. & ſepul. Cræſ. in ſupplemento.

Poore *Theſtylis* did labour to maintaine,
Her poore eſtate, by daily toyle and care,
Rich *Menedemus* carkte for ruſtie gaine,
Yet at her death ſhe had as much to ſpare.
Both theſe did toyle, yet toild they not for this,
To be partakers of eternall bliſſe.

Virgil. in eclog. Terent. comic. in Heautontim.

This richeſſe is a canker which conſumes
The rare fram'd ſubſtance of the ſoule diuine,
For rich men through their rich eſtates preſume
To purchaſe heau'n, as they did earth for e time.
But gold adoring creatures they muſt know
That their confuſion from their richeſſe grow.

Thus that conuerted is to bitter paine,
Which they reſerude for antidotes of health,
They loſe in traffique, where they thought to gaine,
Heſiod. et Aeſchyl. in Tragæd. Not much vnlike vnto *Prometheus* ſtealth,
Who by his theft reſoluing to reuiue,
His liueleſſe ſhrines, himſelfe of life depriude.

Who being on mount Caucaſus ſtands bound,
Enchaind in fetters of captiuitie,
Whoſe heart conſuming Eagles grapple round,
Yet right reuiues his endleſſe miſerie.
Prometheus puniſhment. Hartleſſe conſumde by day, his griefes renewde,
For with a new framde heart he is endewde.

Night doth create in him that which the day
Had quite conſumde, wounded by Eagles billes,
Thus he tormented is, as Poets ſay,
A poeticall fiction. The night reuiuing what the day time killes.
Thus diſcontented, reſts in diſcontent,
A iuſt reward for theft, or thefts entent.

Reade

Reade but theſe leaden poems, finde of gold,
For gold is ſubiect to their ſhapeleſſe forme,
Though they degenerate from a golden mould,
Yet pious wits will not ſuch fragments ſcorne.
And as a maske oft veles deformitie,
So may my errors by your clemency,

Concluſion with an exhortation. &c.

A kinde embrace encourageth a ſwaine,
To tell his ruſticke tale, and doth excite
His ſilly muſe to frolicke, or the plaine,
So kindeſt cenſures them that rudely write.
If theſe naked poems pleaſe, I doe proteſt
In bounden loue, deuoted I will reſt.
To be commanded in the higheſt ſtraine
That poore *Menalchas* euer ſhall attaine.

Et tandem tener auſus eſt Catullus, magno mittere paſſerem Maroni. Catul. in Eleg.

Sat vobis eſt hac tenui & ſerpente vena.

FINIS.

AN

AN ELEGIE ENTITVLED *Narciſſus Change.*

Narciſſus peſtred with the Summer heate,
Came to a fountain whoſe ſtil-flowing ſpring,
Refreſhed him where ſiluer fountaines meete,
Vpon whoſe banks did ripened berries hing.
VVhoſe pleaſant colour did ſuch beauty ſhow,
That they their forme did to the banks beſtow.

Such was the beauty of that ripened fruite,
Whoſe faire adorning ſhadow did oreſhade
The banks adioynde, where *Clio* with her Lute,
Vſed to play, with flourie roabes araide.
Where *Clio* plaid, the Naiades replide,
With tripping grace, in *Tempe* deifide.

Here did *Narciſſus* bath himſelfe a while,
And with a Nectar ſweetneſſe quench his thirſt,
Ling him downe, with quicke conceit did ſmile,
Glutted with water, which he longde for firſt.
Where he perceiuing how thee berries caſt
A beauteous colour, thus he ſpake agaſt.

Narciſſus change.

Faire were that creature that ſurpaſſed theſe,
In beautie, or in colour, but no ſhape,
Can be comparde to theſe delicious trees,
Whoſe fruitfull ſprigs ſend out this louely grape.
O why ſhould Gods (quoth he) ſuch berries make
Of ſuch rare colour for *Narciſſus* ſake?

Narciſſus is not in his ſhape ſo faire
Nor in his colour, ſo admirde as theſe,
Bright-eide Alexis is beyond compare,
Yet not comparde to theſe broad ſhadowing trees.
Phyllis was fayre, yet not ſo faire to me,
As theſe faire berries ſpeckled pretily.

Thus whil'ſt he ſpake, he did reflect his eyes
Vnto the fountaine, where he did perceiue,
His owne affected beauty, which deſcries
Conceit of beauty doth young youthes depraue.
For he conceited of his beauteous forme
With high ambition did his ſhape adorne.

Doeſt thou aduãce (quoth he) with high prizde praiſe
The beauty of theſe berries grow hard by?
And will not thine owne beauty eternize,
Decked with pleaſures in variety?
Thy bluſh exceeds the feature of all plants,
Thou art endewde with that the Cupreſſe wants.

Narciſſus change.

The Cypreſſe tree doth not her verdure loſe,
But ſtill reſerues her vernant ſhape and ſprings,
With cheerefull die, ſo doth the bluſhing roſe,
VVhich to her pruner, fragrant ſauour brings.
Neither the Roſe, nor yet the Cypreſſe tree,
In any wiſe may be comparde to thee.

Cupreſſus in hyeme viriditatem non amittit ſuam. Plin. in Nat. Hiſter.

Damon hath told me oft, I was moſt faire,
Yet I beleeude him not: but now I ſee,
My beautie is mongſt other ſhepheards rare
No marueile if *Orytha* fauour me.
Since Nature by *Apelles* hand hath ſought,
To paſſe that nature which foretime was wrought.

Orytha or *Orychia* daughter to king *Erycthetus*, whom *Borcas* ſtole away.

Crotons fine daughters, framde by *Zeuxes* art,
VVere much admirde for beauty yet muſt yeeld
To thee *Narciſſus*, for in euery part,
Thy well proportiond members them exceld.
They faire by art, thou by dame Nature faire,
Nature with art, we vſe not to compare.

Therſites that miſhapen Grecian ſwaine,
was of my ſtocke and louely progenie,
But he foule man, ſhould be reformd againe,
For his ill featurde formes deformitie.
But thou *Narciſſus* doſt enioy that name,
VVhich Nature doth enuie, whil'ſt ſhe doth name.

Namde

Narciſſus change.

Namde be thou euer, for thou doeſt enioy
The honour and the credit of thy maker,
Thou art *Narciſſus* that ſame louely boy,
That of celeſtiall forme art made partaker,
Partaker be thou euer of that forme,
Since nature as her gemme did thee adorne.

Narciſſus gemme, for who can ere compare
With the ſurpaſſing beautie of his face?
Which intermixed is with red moſt faire,
Reſembling *Io*, whoſe admired grace.
Strucke ſuch a loue in *Iupiters* high breſt,
That he proteſted, he lou'd *Io* beſt.

Io daughter to the riuer Inachus, &c.

One day amongſt the reſt, high *Ioue* would kiſſe,
The parragon of beauty *Ios* face,
Iuno ſtood at his backe, and ſeeing this (place,
You might forbeare, quoth ſhe whileſt we are in
It were enough to vele your crimes by night,
And not to act them in your *Iunoes* ſight.

The deſcription of *Ioues* loue.

Ioue he replied litle, but expreſſed,
His loue to *Iuno* ſtill with feigned lookes,
Io ſtood ſtill, her ſilence luſt confeſſed,
Such is the attracting power of diuine hookes.
Their diuine power is ſuch, that being ſhowne,
The chaſteſt maids that breathe be not their owne.

Ioue

Narciſſus change.

Ioue loued ſtill, yet could not hide his loue,
From icalous *Juno*, wherefore he inuented,
By metamorphozde ſhape, his ioyes to proue,
Io poore wench, without delay conſented.
And left faire ſhapes, ſhould *Ioues* conceit reueale,
An heifers forme, did *Jo's* ſhape conceale.

Inque iuuen-tem Inachy-dos vultus mutauerat ille iuuẽcam. Ouid. in Meo tamor.

Fondeſt of fonds will thou compare thy feature,
With a laſciuious heifer *Ioues* delight?
Thou art the curious frame of diuine nature,
Nature ſure made thee in her owne deſpight.
For ſhe deſpiteth thee, thou art ſo faire,
That Nature with her worke may not compare.

Leda faire wife to royall *Tindarus*,
Drew *Joue* from heauen, proportion of a ſwan,
For Gods at that time were voluptuous:
From whence the twins of *Leda* firſt began.
Ledas two egges, *Pollux* and *Hellen* hight,
Caſtor and *Clytemneſtra* brought to light.

Theſe faire ſurpaſſing faire, endewed were
With vitall breath by *Ioues* faire ſwanlike forme,
Caſtor and *Pollux* ſtaid not long time there,
For they bright lamps, the heauẽs with light adorn:
Hellen though faire, yet *Hellen* did amiſſe,
And *Clytemneſtra* grew adultereſſe.

Auant

Narciſſus change.

Auant degenerate thoughts, ill may betide thee,
Obtruding luſtfull *Hellen* to my ſhrine,
Or *Clytemneſtras* knowne adulterie,
Or with celeſtiall bodies which doe ſhine
In heauens ſupernall Throne, and what are they,
That thou the brighteſt ſtarre, ſhould ſtars obey.

Looke at thy face, and in this Chriſtall fount,
Gaze at thy golden locks: Oh doe not bluſh,
Faireſt of men, fit for *Idalias* mount,
There to inhabite: crownd with myrtle buſh.
What ſhall I ſay *Narciſſus*, to thy beauty,
To which *Apollo* tied is in dutie.

Idalia or *Idalus* a mount dedicated to *Venus*.

Cui Deus, et quoniam conſux mea non potes eſſe, arbor eris certe dixit. Ouid. in Metam.

Apollo followed *Daphne* in a chace,
An vnchaſt chace, when gods do follow maids,
And in this ſhameleſſe courſe, this hapleſſe race,
Daphne makes refuge to the Lawrel ſhades.
Where ſhe transformed was into that tree,
Vnder whoſe ſhade poore wench, ſhe wiſht to be.

Iphicus ſon to *Praxonides*, who firſt ordained the games of *Olympus*.

But what high *Ioue*, or what *Apollo can*,
Transforme *Narciſſus*, ſince his ſhape exceeds,
Faire *Hippodamia* for whom *Pelops* ran,
Iphicus heart for me with ſorrow bleeds.
And let it bleede I am of purer frame
Then each laſciuious mate to entertaine.

But

Narciſſus change.

But if faire *Deiopeia* would deſcend
Daughter to *Iuno*, and entreate my loue,
Then would I to her ſuite attention lend,
And in a mutuall ſort her teares approue.
I am too faire for *Galateas* vaine,
Whom I loude once, yet nere will loue againe.

Quarũ pulcherrima Deiopeia. Virgil. in Aeneid.

Though ſhe allure me with her pretty fauours,
Sending me bracelets, made of diuers ſorts,
And fragrant noſegaies, mixed with ſweeteſt ſauours,
Yet maids of greater place to me reſorts.
If any earhtly creature me obtaine,
It ſhall be *Themis*, ſhe's a louely ſwaine.

Themis a ſhepherdeſſe

But it's no humane creature can content me,
It muſt be ſome diuiner power ſhall haue me,
Therfore ſome faire ſhapde god thou ſhalt inuẽt thee
To be thy miſtreſſe, who ere long will craue thee.
And crauing thee, will dote vpon thy face,
Wiſhing thou wert borne of celeſtiall race.

Thus whil'ſt *Narciſſus ſpake*, his twiſted armes
Began to flouriſh with a greene clad leaſt
VVith grim *Nemeſis* by her poſherfull charmes,
Compoſde to be the bloſſomes of his greſt.
His head was cloathed with a colour greene,
None knew *Narciſſus* where he erſt had beene.

Ille caput vis ridi feſſum ſubmiſit in herba. Ouid. Metam.

This

Narciſſus change.

This was the high prizde loue he did conceiue
Of his owne beautie fitter for Gods then men,
Ambitious thoughts doe worthie parts depraue,
More ſauage farre then Lyons in their den.
For hauing got their prey, they reſt content,
But ſoaring thoughts are ſtill to lewdneſſe bent.

Another

Another Elegie called *Æſons* affecting youth.

Aeſons dotage.

THere was one *Æſon* who long time had liude,
And waxing old, was clad with hoarie haire,
So that each day he lookt to be depriude
Of his ſcarce liuing life conſumde with care.
And euery day he roſe, farewell quoth he,
For ere to morrow death will ſummon me.

Sonne to *Cretheus. Vt infra.*

A lookt for ſummons, yet not much deſirde,
For what man liuing will deſire his fall?
If that my fortunes haue to wealth aſpirde,
And that the Gods haue bleſt me therewithall,
Why ſhould I die? yet theſe gray haires portend,
Yet ere long time my ſtate muſt haue an end.

Quid moriar.

With that he wept, and ſighing did deſpaire,
Watring his pale-facde cheeks with aged drops,
And weeping, wipte his eyes with ſnow-white haire.
His beard was long, bedeckt with aged locks.
So that to ſee this oldman homwards creepe,
Would moue *Ægæon* if aliue, to weepe.

Aegaon or *Briareus* a man of remorceleſſe ſpirit. &c.

Now

Narciſſus change.

Now whil'ſt he wept, and did lament his woe,
Jaſon came to him, *Jaſon* was his ſonne,
And with a quicke pace mixt with teares did goe,
Hearing his father ſay, he was vndone.
Vndone quoth *Iaſon*, why deere Sir (quoth he)
Is it in that I haue offended thee?

No quoth old *Aeſon*, its becauſe mine age,
Growes out of frame, decrepit and decaid,
Once was I nimble be'ng *Cretheus* page,
But now I flie vnto my ſtaffe for aide.
This (my kinde ſonne) is cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
Of all my ſorrow and my heauineſſe.

Oretheus was father to *Aeſon*, *Alcidemon* and *Amythaon*.

Iaſon did ſmile, yet he concealde his ſmile,
Leaſt he ſhould ſeeme to ſcorne his fathers yeares
Or pure compaſſion of his griefes exile,
But waſh'd his teareleſſe face with fained teares.
And *Æſon* hauing all his woes deſcride,
VVith framed ſpeech young *Iaſon* thus replide.

Iaſons ſpeech

Deare father, if diſtreſſe conſiſt in this,
That is in ſorrowing for your aged yeares,
I thinke it were not very farre amiſſe,
To ſhew *Medæa* theſe your wofull teares.
VVherewith (quoth *Aeſon*) can ſhe comfort me,
That will be dead, ere ſhe can viſit me?

Iaſon

Iaſon to comfort him, poore doting man,
Said, ſhe had vſde the like experiment
Of diuers others: and that *Helicon*
Yeelds powerfull hearbs, by *Æſculapius* ſent.
Adding, he would make haſt, and bid her trie,
What ſhe could doe in this extremitie.

Helicon and *Hamonia* two delightfull places. *Vid. Ouid.*

Æſon did thanke him, with a fathers bliſſing,
Praying the Gods to proſper him for euer,
And like a dotard cloyed him with kiſſing,
Hoping to liue for aye: Die ſhould he neuer.
Iaſon made haſt to his inchanting wife,
Bidding her trie her skill for *Æſons life.*

Medaa.

Medæa wept to heare her *Iaſon* aske,
In ſuch lamenting manner for her father.
Proteſting oft, this was an extreme taſt,
Nothing on earth, but ſhe could doe it rather.
Iaſon commaunds which ſhe will not withſtand,
But gins to trie hearbs vertues with her hand.

Nec tenuit lachrimas mota eſt pietate rogãtis. Ouid. Quod petis, experiar, maius dare munus. Iaſon. ibid.

And going farre and neere, ſhe gatherd flowers,
Which ſhe diſtild into a veſſell pure,
From whence proceeded ſuch all working powers,
That ſhe by them could make men ere endure.
And more to die, which did content her ſire.
For to be euer young was his deſire.

Illic Hemoniaradices valle reſectas &c. ibid.

When she had this confession made and tride,
The same by skill, made on a fruitlesse tree,
Whereof the withred branches downe did slide,
To which applying Art: sprung fruitfully
Faire Olive branches, by whose vernant show
The vertue of her herbs she soone did know.

Wherefore she came to *Æson* spedily,
Iremia. Taking him by th'hand: young man (quoth shee)
Whereat she laught, I haue found remedie,
For your old age, if youl'e be rulde by me.
And drawing out a boxe of pleasant oyle,
This will (quoth she) asswage your forepast toyle.

Hauing annoynted him good gods (quoth he)
How agile, and how nimble be my bones?
By lasting fame eternized be she,
That healde mine akes, yet saying this he grones.
For he beheld the excrements of time,
Gray haires dispoile him of his flowry prime.

And sighing thus, you haue done good to me,
Daughter *Medea*, in that you haue curde
My chill-cold ioynts spent with debilitie
For which approued kindnesse, rest assurde.
That *Iason* shall enioy old *Pelias* ground,
Since thee more kinde then *Pelias* I haue found.

One

Narciſſus change.

One thing is yet awanting, which if thou
By thy diuineſt skill ſhalt ere performe,
Or if by thy endeuours thou canſt doe,
With a perpetuall wreath Ile thee adorne.
And character the honour of thy name,
With the diſperſing of thy ſacred fame,

She without further queſtion made, applied
Vnto his aged haires ſuch fragrant ſmell,
And by her concoct hearbs ſo liquefied,
That in all haſt, his hoary haires downe fell,
And being fallen, there ſprung vp in that place,
A coale-blacke buſh of haire vpon his face.

Seminaque ea flores et ſuccos incoquit atros.
Ouid. Ibid.

Seeke not with *Æſon* to be young againe,
But haue deſire to end thy pilgrimage,
Since it is fraughted with a ſea of paine,
Who would with youth change his declining age?
Youth is licentious, age experienced,
Tels vs, That luſt is to be baniſhed.

Paraeneſis ſeu inſtitutio &c. in Senectut. Aeſonis.

FINIS.

Et vos Pompilius ſanguis carmen reprehendite,
Quod non multa dies-lituꝛa coercuit
Atque, perfectum decies non caſtigauit ad vnguem.

Ad Zoilum.

SONNETS OR MADRIGALS.

With the Art of Poesie annexed thereunto by the same Author.

Horatius in Lib. de arte Poetica.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.

Ouid.

Nec modus aut requies, nisi mors reperitur amantis,
Verus amor nullum nouit habere modum.

Idem.

Hei mihi, quòd nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Printed at London for *Christopher Purset.* 1611.

TO THE VVORSHIPFVLL HIS APproued brother THOMAS BRATHVVAITE *Esquire, the prosperity of times successe in this life, with the reward* of eternitie in the world to come.

IAnus hath now shut vp his Temple, our ciuil warres be now ended, vnion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction, hath preuented the current of ensuing faction, we may now sit downe

vnder our Beech tree : and make a vertuous vſe of an experienced neceſsitie. Trauellers hauing paſſed many perils, inexplicable dangers, vſe to be delighted with the recounting of their forepaſt miſeries, ſea-beat mariners hauing ſuſtained the tempeſtuous guſtes of the ſurging ſea, and at laſt arriued at their hauen, which ſo long time with importunacie they deſired, ſeeme not a little delighted with the deſcription of their manifolde daungers. Wee haue purchaſed by a mutuall experience of our owne power, a mutual peace: and repoſing vnder the comfortable ſhade of minds attonement, may make diſcourſe of our forepaſt griefes.

Themyſtocles

Themystocles exiled his natiue countrie, and kindly entertained by the king of Persia, vsed to say to h s traine: *periissẽ, nisi periissem.* O sirs, I had bene vndone, if I had not beene vndone; so we, for in our losse consists our welfare, hauing tried the rough chasticement of discord, and exiled as it were, the borders of peace and amitie, and now enioying the content of mindes vnion, may say, we had neuer beene thus happy, if we had not bene vnhappie, for the fruition of happinesse hath the best taste in his palate, who hath once tasted the bitter relish of vnhappinesse.

We may now make a good consort, since the iarring strings

of

of diſcord be reduced to ſo pleaſant harmony, that the verie ſtraines of our well concording ſtrings may delight our friendes with a ſoule conceiuing melodie, but diſtract the minds of ſuch as in the billowes of our vnnaturall troubles, conceiued no ſmall felicitie. But theſe were like *Tyrtæus* that enuious Poet, who hearing how the workes of others grew acceptable and delightfull, hanged himſelfe in deſpaire of their good fortunes.

But let them alone, they labour of their owne phrenſie: and *Codrus* bowels will burſt with his owne enuie; I haue compoſed ſome few Sonets, and dedicated them vnto your ſelfe, the frag-

ments

ments of Pernassus mount, thogh of the meaneſt: yet ſome fruite may bee gathered out of *Ennius* dunghill, they be amorous, penned in a fooliſh paſsion, they are more fit for *Venus* ſhrine, then *Vranias* ſhape: for I would not derogate from the praiſe of beautie, leaſt I ſhould haue *Steſychorus* fortune, who for diſpraiſing *Hellen* of Greece, loſt his ſight. Let theſe harſh poems now and then take place amongſt more ſerious ſtudies, *Damon* euer carried about with him ſome works of *Pythias* as memorials of his affections, *Pylades* the impreſsion of his *Oreſtes*, & *Pyrithous* the ſtatue of his *Theſæus*: A poeme of loue will reliſh the bitter taſt of grauer ſtories.

Pindarus

Pyndarus fountaines lie open as well to *Ouid*, to write lasciuiously, as to *Sophocles* to write tragically: the minde affects variety, as the stomach vseth to be glutted, if she find no change, one instrument of Musicke would make a slender consort.

It was no small praise for *Alcibiades*, to be esteemed skilfull in exercises, and to haue generall applause in what exploit soeuer he tooke in hand. *Terpnus*, who was *Neroes* musitian, was out of his element when he had not a Lute in his hand, and a wanton song before him: *Æschines* had little to speake, when he was not pleading, but these resemble actors vpon a stage, who can speake nothing

nothing, but in their owne parts: interrupt them but a little, they ſtand like *Praxiteles* pictures. I receiue that Gentleman more acceptably, who hath a ſuperficiall knowledge in all diſcourſes, then ſuch an one as is exact in one diſtinct knowledge alone.

Thus recommending theſe few ſcattered poems to your reading, and wiſhing you as much comfort as earth can afford you in this life, with the fruition of heauens glory in the life to come, I take my leaue euer reſting,

Your affectioned Brother,

Richard Brathwaite.

Vpon the dedication of *the laſt Epiſtle.*

After this proeme, proeme, I may call it,
Came penſiue tidings to my Muſes cell,
At which my Muſe, in boundleſſe wars empalled
Reſolude to bid laſciuious rithms farewell.
Yet they in ſpite of me and of my Muſe
Burſt out againſt my will (as others vſe.)

Then pardon me that could not vſe mine owne,
In ſinging layes, when odes ſhould beſt befit,
This was my firſt birth, which being riper growne,
Shall yeeld the bloſſomes of maturer wit.
Meane time receiue this poeme which I ſhew
Portraid in ſable colours vnto you.

The

The Authour to his diſ-consolate Brother.

(***)

LEt not miſhap deprive you of that hope,
Which yeelds ſome reliſh to your diſcontent,
Ayme your affections at heauens glorious ſcope,
Whic ſhowres downe comfort, when all comfort's ſpent.
Then reſt ſecure, that power which you adore,
Will make your ioyes more full then ere before.

Let not the Sunne now ſhadowed with a cloud,
Make you ſuſpect the Sunne will neuer ſhine,
That ill, which now ſeemes ill, may once proue good,
Time betters that, which was depraude by time.
Thus let my prayers, your teares concord in one,
To reape heau'ns comforts, when earths comfort's gone.

THE

THE FIRST SONET OR MADRIGALL.

NO ſooner doe I gaze vpon that face,
But rauiſht with the beautie of thy cheeke,
Would thinke it were a Paradiſe to place,
Thoſe verdant comforts, which each day ith weeke,
Are now renewd by ſinging Alcmons happe,
Vnder the Sunſhine of thy veſtall lappe.

Whole weeks ſeeme minutes when I am with thee,
And yeares as howers doe vaniſh from my ſight,
There is no pleaſant note, no melodie,
That makes a luſtre equall to that light,
Thy ſparkling eies reflect more faire by farre,
Then radiant *Phœbus* in his Iuory carre.

Thoſe burniſht lockes, like *Damons* flocks appeare
Before the temple of refined loue,
And as the heards which ſhepheards vſe to ſheare,
Or like the ſmoth plumes of the turtle Doue.
Neer'ſt to a Doue thou art, and I will call
Thine heart, a Turtles heart that hath no gall.

That albone skinne more pure, more poliſhed,
Then the faire tombe, wherein Prince *Ninus* lay,
Whoſe ſtructure (faire) was neere demoliſhed,
Deare, thou my manſion art, my life, my ſtay.
Therefore like *Ziſcoes* skinnne, I will prepare
To ſound Alarum in *Antenors* chaire.

If thoſe ſame nimble fingers, which thou haſt,
That tune the warbling Lute ſo pretily,
Be but engript about thy tender waſte,
O what a beautie ſhewes there preſently?
Wilt thou beleeue me? there's no creature borne,
Whoſe beauteous outſide, better gifts adorne.

I am no Merchant that will ſell my breath,
Good wine needs not a buſh to ſet it forth,
Yet I will praiſe thee euer, till pale death
Cut off the Poet of thy flowry youth,
I will enſhrine thee in an hearſe of time,
Which being made ſhall glad this heart of mine.

I cannot ſing, for I haue loſt my voice,
With telling tales of loue, and *Venus* groue,
But yet drone-like ile buzze and make a noiſe
Of *Cupids* arrowes, *Hyppodamias* loue.
For I can keepe a meaſure with my teares,
And ſighing ſtill make ſad the graueſt eares.

Atlas three daughters, were beyond compare,
For *Ægle* was as faire, as faire could be,
And *Arethusa* was for beautie rare
Hesperitusa full as faire as she.
Yet these three daughters, if mine eye be true,
Seeme but as shadowes in respect of you.

These three faire daughters kept a Garden sweete,
Wherein a serpent slept continually,
Which with a trembling fell before their feete,
As rauisht with their beauties Maiesty.
Thou keptst a garden (loue) more faire then they
Which for *Alcydes* were a worthy pray.

There be sweete fruits so mellow and so rare,
That dropping downe vpon their tender twigs,
Oft times amongst the vallies they repaire
To decke with spangled dew their budding sprigs.
Beleeue me deare, that fruit which growes of thee,
Is interlaid with full varietie.

VVell were that Gardiner that enhedgde were,
VVithin the beds of that same rosarie,
No raggie bugbeares he should need to feare.
But were enthronde with pompe and maiestie.
And in a precious carknet of pure gold
Like to a chaine, might all his ioyes enfold.

Thoſe pretie Dayſies that ſpring on thoſe bankes,
With little ſtalkes reliſht with fragrant ſmels,
Giue to the Gods aboue continuall thanks,
That ſuch a Gardneſſe in their borders dwels.
For they are well aſſurde and oft haue ſaid,
Whil'ſt thou lookſt ore them, they can neuer fade.

I could not talke of late, when thou appearde,
Yet glad I would haue beene to ſpeake my minde,
And ſtanding ſtill, encloſde twixt hope and feare,
Within thoſe lookes of thine I was confinde.
Yet willingly confinde, I muſt confeſſe
For all my throbbing ſenſes ſhewd no leſſe.

Well you may take it rudeneſſe in me then,
In that I could not couer, as others did,
But you muſt make a difference twixt ſuch men,
As neuer were in loue, but wholy rid
Of all diſtempered paſſions, and of ſuch
As cannot court by louing ouermuch.

Neere could I ſee a perfect loue endure
To cogge, to flatter in his maſters ſight,
Loue is refinde, and is ſo paſſing pure,
That with a monſter it will dare to fight.
It hates vaine complements, nor can agree
To gloſing congies, or a bended knee.

Sonets or Madrigals.

I would not be a Pandor to my loue,
  Leaſt I ſhould leeſe the fruits I ott haue ſought,
I will not praiſe too much, leſt I approue,
  Mine owne vndoer, and to ruine brought,
Lament too late, that I ſhould her commend,
  Who by her praiſe, brought me to timeleſſe end.

Therefore will I heere fixe my ſtaffe and ſtay,
  Leaſt like *Candaules* while I praiſe my wife,
I ſhew a Gygas her, and he betray
  My beſt lou'd loue, depriuing me of life.
I cannot laine, and yet I will not praiſe
  That ſacred ſhrine which conſecrates my daies.

FINIS.

THE

THE SECOND SONET.

PVh, fie, away I cannot brooke to kiſſe,
For modeſt lips deteſt ſuch wantonneſſe,
Hold off thoſe impure hands, whoſe onely bliſſe
Is fraughted with the poize of wickedneſſe.
Shake off theſe cankred thoughts, theſe apparitions,
Theſe ſhittring dreames, & theſe laſcinious viſions.

Thou dreamde the other night, thy maſters maske,
Was hid vnder the pillow of thy bed,
And when thou wakt thou preſently did aske,
Whoſe vnchaſt hands did take it from thine head.
Fond gull beware of theſe conceits of thine,
Like characters of louſer acts doe ſhine.

Endimion like with groueling in thy caue,
Thou ſleptſt of Satyres, *Fauns*, & mountaine gods
Loue is the part thy ſlumbring eielids craue,
Thou dream'ſt thou kiſt *Diana* in the woods,
Of ſteepe cliffie Pinduſt, out vpon the Aſſe,
Thou kiſt *Diana* where ſhe neuer was.

Thou

Thou dream'd of bugbeares, and oppreſt with feare,
Ranne to the pillow for to kill a fiend,
When (in good ſooth) there nothing did appeare,
Yet from a ſhadow did thy ſoule defend.
Leaue off fond gull, no ſpirit thou canſt finde,
Worſe then the ſpirit of thy iealous minde.

Acteon was a coward to ſuppoſe
Each buſh a Pandor to his beauteous wife,
And whilſt vnto the ſhadie groues he goes,
He feares the ruine of his worthleſſe life.
No care to iealous ſpirits there can be,
For iealous thoughts deſpaire of remedie.

Nature hath plagude ſome with a iealous ſpirit,
And yet no cauſe giuen by his honored wife,
For iealous thoughts proceede not ſtill from merit,
Surmiſde coniectures breede inteſtine ſtrife.
Reaping ſuch things, as ſuch minds do beſit,
They loſe the ſubſtance, and the ſhadow get.

Whenas deſire of vaine and wanton loue,
Shewes as a Tyger, and triumphes in woe
Her tyrant hands ſhe in her courſe doth proue,
And draweth on deſpaire where ere ſhe goe,
For deſperate loue appeareth oft in ſuch,
As are beſotted with louing ouermuch.

But well I know the portraie of thy mind,
Thou lou'ſt, and art bewitcht with iealouſie,
And if a ſillie Mouſe thou chance to finde,
Within thy chamber, thy impatiencie.
Sweares it hath cuckold thee, and in deſpaire,
Proteſts the child ſhe hath is not thine heire.

Wherefore ſhould buſhes ſo affright braue men,
That are endewd with wit and dignitie,
How ſhould a *Momus* portraie with his pen,
Their iealous thoughts, and their impietie?
Beleeue me friend, no viper worſe I finde,
Then the ranke poyſon of a iealous minde.

The Macedons were more diſcreete then they,
Who ſuffred all haue publike liberty.
And to repaire vnto their houſe each day,
For to ſupply their imbecility.
I cannot chuſe but count that man a gull,
That thinks his Paſyphae needs euery Bull.

I cannot chuſe, but ſore condemne that man,
That ſoothes his pleaſure in a vaile of teares,
And blots the current of his glorious name,
By ſuppoſitions, and pretended pheres.
Honour thy wife, for ſhe is chaſte and pure,
Conceiue but chaſtly of her, reſt ſecure,

Sonets or Madrigals.

I am thy friend in counſell and muſt tell,
Thy follies erre, and wander farre amiſſe,
For iealous thoughts runne poſting haſt to hell,
Ne're are partakers of an heauenly bliſſe.
Remember well, let iealous thoughts depart,
Leaſt Queene of chaſt deſires frame thee an hart.

And then ſtill grazing in the ſhadie groue,
Repent thy fooliſh and miſhapt ſuſpicion,
Which did coniecture falſe of ſuch a loue,
Grounding a truth out of an apparition.
Can tell this vaine forgde deed, and then prepare,
More honourd thoughts t' extenuate thy care.

Ile leaue thee thus, and if thou doe remaine,
In thine ill formd ſuggeſtions. then be ſure,
There's puniſhing Gods, that will in lieu of gaine,
Enthrall thy ſoule in depth, ere to endure.
Empriſned faſt with chaines of ſlauerie,
Condigne reward for vntunde iealouſie.

Hapleſſe is he who ſo regards his name,
That he redoubles it with infamie,
Vnfortunate that doth impaire the ſame,
And ſhewes his thoughrs by harſh tunde iealouſie.
Iuno can looke vpon her husband *Ioue*,
To know, why he faire *Io* ſo ſhould loue?

Supplemen-
tum.

Sonets or Madrigals.

I haue knowne many in regard of time,
Shew diſcontent, to ſee their wiues partake,
Of popular aſpect, and to repine
To loue a friend, not for her husband ſake,
But none I euer knew, or ere ſhall know,
That for true loue will ſeeme beſotted ſo.

When *Collatine* did giue his ſignet ring,
Vnto young *Sextus* void of any ill,
He ſafe content, within his tent did ſing
Deuoted to his chaſt *Lucretiaes* will,
Worthie was he of ſuch a beauteous mate,
That could ſo well diſcerne of his eſtate.

He had a pearle, and he did eſteeme it,
Not like vaine traſh floting with euery winde,
For like a Phœnix vpon earth did deeme it,
Contented well with Iewell of his mind.
Thou haſt as faire a gemme as ere had he,
VVhy ſhould thou then affect ſuch iealouſie?

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD SONET.

PVh, well I know thee, thou loues publike gaine,
And therefore I desire thy wanton face,
I will not reape an harueſt of ſuch paine,
Since thou deſcended art of *Lais* race.
I cannot loue thee, for thy taſte ſeemes ſower,
VVho reapes vnhoneſt gaine, approues an hower.

I will not talke of what thy life hath beene,
For well it may be thou was once conuerted,
But now it ſeemes thou art transformed cleane
Thy thoughts and all thy purpoſes peruerted.
Thou lou'd the Church once, and did ſtGod adore,
But now forſakeſt him, thou lou'd before.

Fie on the viſard, Lamia of ſinne,
Thou horrid Ghoſt compaſt of wickedneſſe,
Faire though thou be without, thou art foule within,
Concoct of nought, but dregs of ſluttiſhneſſe.
That ribband which thou wearſt hung at thine eare,
Shew what confuſion in thy thoughts appeare.

Hoy-

Sonets or Madrigals.

Hoy-day, what may-game haue we heere in hand?
Women with men, and men as wantonly?
Vnto their tackling constantly doe stand,
Rebounding vice with vice successiuely.
I will not say, what here is to be done,
But maids seeme not præcise in being won.

I cannot chuse but blush at such vaine words,
As curious passions birle to their loues,
But knowing what discourse vaine loue affords,
Amongst the shades of *Ericinas* groues.
I doe not wonder, eares attention len.
For maids must needs make strange in kissing men.

If forrest Oeta where *Alcydes* dide,
And all the trees within that forrest wilde,
And all the starres, on Moone light nights descride,
And all the grasse piles within earth compilde,
Were metamorphosde to maids beauteous shape,
I should suspect them (minion) for thy sake.

The Gods themselues haue had enough of beauty,
Venus is spotlesse, yet she hath a mole,
In tendring not to *Vulcan* natiue dutie,
Breathing with *Mars*, whilst *Vulcan* with his cole.
Fie on that face that hauing beauteous lookes,
Enchaines desires in two lasciuious hookes.

Runne

Runne to the Romane Brothell, not to mee,
For I deteſt thy common infamy,
The Veſtall Nunnes wil not to luſt agree,
For they inueſted are with puritie.
Couer that wanton face ore with a maske,
Since dregs for wine, be mixed in that caske,

Thou art created to another end,
Then to make proſtitute thoſe parts of thine,
Thoſe eares of thine which doe attention lend,
Vnto each gallant mate oppreſt with wine.
For wine makes men beſotted ſo with thee,
Or without doubt, bewitcht they could not bee.

When Nature gaue to thee two eyes, two armes,
Two eares, two legs, two breathing noſethrils wide,
She did ordaine by two, to cure all harmes,
VVhich might occurre vnto the reſt beſide,
Yet ſhe did but create one heart, one minde,
To which at firſt, chaſte thoughts ſhe did aſſigne.

One ſoule is fit, and that deſires to dwell
In heau'ns eternall reſt, whoſe purity
Might beſt befit it: to denounce and tell,
The wondrous works of Gods diuinity.
Then fie for ſhame, one gemme muſt needs remaine,
VVhich is ſo precious without mole or ſtaine.

This

This gemme though darkned by a wilfull *Eue*,
Yet its renewed by Christs gracious loue,
By her originall, our Lord we grieue,
By him we seeme vnspotted as a Doue.
For by his wounds are we to safegard brought,
And much esteemd, that erst appeared nought.

Rest thee vpon this Anchor suredly,
And here repose theeon thy Sauiours crosse,
Flie lustfull thoughts which lackie miserie,
Thy pleasure cannot counteruaile thy losse.
God hath ordaind thou shouldst suruiue with him,
Not to defile thy precious soule with sinne.

That soule composde of sacred harmony,
Rarer then that *Acteon* first inuented,
Not of that horrid, ilsunde paritie
To which old *Orpheus* in hell first consented.
VVhen he his wife attaind by Musicks straine,
That did long time before in hell remaine.

Son to Apollo and Calliope, &c.

Concord befitteth best the rarest wits,
And what tune rather then a quiet minde?
Immortall things immortall minds befit,
Affecting that which first was her assignde.
Solace thy chastest minde deckt gloriously,
VVith present health, and future dignity.

Arcadian ſhepheards, borne of meane degree,
VVill not ſo paſſe their time, but in regard,
Of times content, and minds tranquilitie
Obtaine that prize which may not be comparde
VVith terrene droſſe, more vile then brittle clay,
VVhich one howers ſickneſſe ſoone can take away.

Doeſt thou tricke vp that veſſell made of earth,
For to allure fond men vnto thy will? *Vid. Mart. in 1. lib. Epigram.*
I tell thee beauty, it is little worth.
VVhen death ſhall tinckle out her paſſing bell.
Oh then how good thou art, and not how faire,
VVith dreadfull ſights, thou art demanded there.

Oh fie vpon the vizard, baite of ſinne,
Pawne not thy credite in a brothell houſe,
For how canſt thou reward of Sion win,
That doeſt thy ſoule by miſdemeanour loſe.
Repaire vnto the temple of that king,
VVhoſe powerfull might conſerueth euery thing.

If I haue any thing preuailde with thee,
To change the horrour of thy miſpent time,
Thanke not the Poet, but that deitie,
VVho is the Author both of me and mine.
For whatſoere I haue, I muſt confeſſe,
Proceedeth from his gracious prouidence.

Doeſt

THE FOVRTH SONET.

DOest thou so fondly loue, and art not lou'de,
In louing those, who little care for thee?
If that thy fancie haue such fruites approu'de,
I scorne to match with such imparity.
For wel I know a Prince may loue for lust,
Those eyes of thine, and then returne to dust.

If *Rosamond* had euer bene an hower,
Nere bene interred in her bed of earth,
If she had euer kept such vitall power.
As to smell sweet with her mellifluous breath.
She had bene well excusde to chuse that state,
Which should be neere ecclipsde by mortall date.

But she poore wench did flourish for a while,
Cropt in the primrose of her wantonnesse,
And she that did the noblest thoughts beguile,
Is now conuerted into rottennesse.
Thus doe we finde the truth of euery thing,
Sinne is a sinne euen in the noblest king.

For

For there is nought can be esteemed so,
Depraude, deformde, as to apologize,
A sinne actde by a Prince, but hence this woe,
Appeares in Poets which doe temporize.
I will not sooth a Monarch for his crowne,
But I must tell him, sinne will throw him downe.

Plutarch saith well, that he that bridle can
His fond affections, is halfe vertuous,
But he that's wholy firme's an honest man;
His minde remaines certaine not impious,
Not tost with tempests of each breathing winde,
But as a mirrour of a constant minde.

In Moralib. 1. lib.

Hard things are pleasant, and those things appeare,
To be the best, which be the hardliest won,
Then if repressing of fond lust thou feare,
To be too hard, yet being once begun.
A better relish it will yeeld to thee,
Then treasure had in great varietie.

Quo difficilius, eo praeclarius.
δύσκολα τὰ καλὰ Grec. prou.

One that should passe the Alpes, and hauing done,
Reposing him vpon some harbour low,
Considers with what perill he begun,
And numbring them discursiuely in row,
Cannot but ioyfully be glad of this,
That he hath ended what his heart did wish.

How oft would he lie groueling on the ground,
And in a deſcant of his ſweete repoſe,
With ioyfull mirth and pleaſure would abound,
To haue tranſtreted ſuch a Sea of woes.
And by recounting how he earſt did creepe
Aboue thoſe cliffes, he would fall faſt aſleepe.

So thou obtaining this ſo hard a taske,
Muſt needs be ioyfull in the victory,
To haue pure liquor in a purer caske,
Which might redound to minds felicitie.
And that ſame caske, that veſſell thou doeſt beare,
Should haue a crowne of glory, doe not feare.

Loue not too high eſtates, for theyle deſpiſe
Thy poore eſtate brought downe to beggery,
Ayme at the lower rank (if thou be wiſe)
Pari pari-bus. For theyle acknowledge thy ſupremacie.
Yet in my minde there's nought can equall that,
To condeſcend vnto an equall ſtate.

Neither can boaſt of birth or parentage,
Neither can brag of their too high eſtate,
But paſſe their daies of wofull pilgrimage,
With like to like, the begger with his mate.
Irus though he be poore, yet rich in this,
Irus a begger, may a begger kiſſe.

THE

THE FIFTH SONET.

THou lou'ſt for beautie, not for Vertue ſake,
Fie on thee therefore, that haſt reaſons lore,
And yet canſt not diſcern of ſuch a make,
As being vertuous, thou nede haue no more.
This I haue knowne, and ere approu'd I finde,
None equals her, that hath a vertuous minde.

Thou mak'ſt deſcription of each ſeuerall part,
Her Iuory browes, and eke her roſie cheeks,
But how canſt thou deſcribe frame of her heart,
If all the minutes were turnd into weeks.
And well I know there is no ioynt, no part,
Can be compar'd vnto a ſincere heart.

If *Venus* had her mole, thou mayſt be ſure,
Thine hath her blemith, full as foule as ſhe,
If *Venus* beautie could not ere endure,
Preſume not thine to haue eternity.
Thine (though as faire) yet if ſhe draw a breath,
Stopt, ſhe will tell me, there enſueth death.

Was not chaſt *Lucrece* much reſpected euer,
As faire, as vertuous, ſecond was to none?
Yet rauiſhed by *Sextus*, ſhe had leuer
Die in deſpaire, then liuing make her mone
Of that abuſe young *Sextus* had atchieude.
Which aboue all compare her heart had grieude.

Happie was *Collatine* of ſuch a wife,
So faire, and yet ſo vertuouſly inclinde,
With ſuch to liue it were an happie life,
Enioying aye the ſtate of quiet minde,
Yet *Collatine* vnhappie was in this,
He was depriude of ſuch celeſtiall bliſſe.

Vid. Ouid. in Epiſt.

Hero I muſt confeſſe lou'de conſtantly,
And young *Leander* was as firme as ſhe,
Though he be drownd, yet he gets memory
Of conſtant loue, loues perpetuity.
And *Hero* ſhe ſeeing *Leander* ſwim,
Loue ſicke (poore wench) ſhe thought to follow him.

But theſe were borne in *Saturnes* golden time,
The like we finde not now, for they be rare,
Black Swans, white Moores, they liue not in this clime
Our Sexes breath a more inconſtant ayre,
And ſo deſpairing, I haue knowne of late,
By louing much their loue grew deſperate.

I will not make particular diſcourſe,
For that ſeemes odious in each curious eye,
I hope a generall vſe will be of force,
To moue iudicious men to pietie.
This I muſt tell them, beauteous locks of couer
A miſhapte ſoule, a little verniſht ouer.

Will any man ſeeme ſuch an idle ſwaine,
As to beſtow more money on the caſe,
Then on the inſtrument it doth containe,
More on the maske then odors for the face?
Beleeue me friend that man cannot be wiſe,
That is beſotted with a paire of eyes.

I haue knowne ſome more humerous then wiſe,
Who in fantaſtick fooliſh apparitions,
Seeing a woman maskt all but her eyes,
Fell into ſuch diſtreſſe and ſuch diſtractions.
That he could ſtay in no place (fooliſh Aſſe)
Till he perceiu'd how faire that Miſtreſſe was.

I haue knowne ſome beſotted with a voyce,
could not containe themſelues, till they did ſee,
The worthleſſe Author of that warbling noiſe
Or what ſweete Syren that ſhould ſeeme to be.
And hauing ſeene her, whom he wiſht to know,
Shee ſeemde a Saint aboue a friend below.

Vid. Hor. in Fie ſer. 1. pagin.

Nil bene cum facias, fac attamen omnia belle, vis dicam quid sis? magnus es Ardelio. Martial.

Fie on that Larua, or that bugbeares face,
That cerulleth her skin so gaudily,
And puppet-like trippeth in euery place,
With nimble pace shewes her actiuitie.
And so addicst to fond *Ardelios* action,
By casting gloues and fauors moueth faction.

FINIS.

THE

THE SIXTH SONET.

WHere mine heart is, there doth my life abide
Mine hart remains with thee, & wherfore
Should I suruiue in any place beside, (then
But where thou dwel'st best harbour to such men,
As dote on thy affection, friend to such
As are distreil by louing ouermuch.

Can I describe with characters of worth,
Those worthy parts of thine so amorous?
Faire in thy habit, borne of royall birth,
Blest ere be they that are thought gracious
In the faire aspect of that shining eye,
On whose bright lustre all things doe relie.

When statues are erected to adore
Those persons, which the statues represented,
Why should not I doe this for thee and more,
With whom my mind in one hath still contented.
Honour of women faire beyond compare
The earth were blest, if many such there were.

Statues I will erect to honour thee,
And euery day will I resort vnto them,
And passe the morne with ioyfull harmonie,
Whilst I doe consecrate my vowes vnto them.
And hauing talkt enough I will betake,
My selfe to kisse thy picture for thy sake.

For if *Pigmalion* doted so on shrines?
Why should not I, that haue a fairer loue
Then ere *Pigmalion* had? whose loue combines
Mine heart in thrall, that it can nere remoue,
For the straite durance which she hath possest
In her, by whom my mind is euer blest.

If fond *Protagoras* did so conceiue
Of senseless stones, that could not moue nor feele
Arist. in Phys. For to enioy an happinesse, I haue
More happinesse then stones, their haps conceale.
I clad in blisse which euer will endure,
A strong foundation, and munition sure.

They cannot shew the fruits of their repose,
But I most happy, for I know mine hap,
They scarce discerne from whence their fortune flowes
But I perceiue me happie in her lap.
My *Erycina* doth releeue my sheepe,
Whilst quietly I lie me downe and sleepe.

Vnder

Sonets or Madrigals.

Vnder a myrtle ſhade or Iuie buſh,
Whilſt I make couert to my wearied head,
I am delighted with the ſweete tun'de Thraſh,
Whilſt ſhe vpon the Iuie berries feeds.
And being thus annointed with full pleaſure,
I hoord me heaps of gold, and Indian treaſure.

This gold is not ſuch treaſure as we reade,
That *Q. Cepio* Conſul tooke away
From the Toloſan Temple, which did breede
Deſtruction to all them receiude that pray.
Nor its no Seian horſe by which we finde,
Be ſignifide calamities of minde.

Vid. Aul. Gell. in noct. Atticis.

This is as pleaſant and as full of mirth,
As the Corbona of the Iewiſh Temple,
But farre more gracious: its not got by ſtelth,
For that were proeme to a worſe example.
Theſe gifts, this gem prince *Aquiloes* excels,
For theſe be pearles, his were cockle ſhels.

Vid. Cluen. aug.

I cannot ſpeake enough, there for to blame,
To praiſe in part, and not commend in all,
But its a praiſe enough, to tell thy name.
Faire *Erycina* gyrt with *Hymens* pall.
And all the Nimphes with chaplets cropt for thee
Shall decke the nuptiall triumphes gorgiouſly.

faine

Sonets or Madrigals.

Faine would I see the day, each houre a yeare,
Each minute is an houre, till I enioy,
That beauteous face of thine, when wilt appeare
To reliſh forepaſt ſorrow and annoy?
Where couching low in beds of Iuorie,
Wele bandie kiſſes with loues harmonie.

I checke my ſelfe that I ſhould ſo delaie,
The vernant ſpring time of our happineſſe,
Fearing leaſt whil'ſt our times do paſſe away,
Pale death engripe my bones with wretchedneſſe.
Let vs not put off time, but vſe our time,
And let thy ſacred vow confirme the mine.

Sweete vpon better and more ripe aduice,
Let me appoint a time of greater haſt,
Our loue will grow chil-cold, if we be nice
And will not loue, till fruite of loue be paſt,
What comfort canſt thou haue, or what delight,
To hate the day, and yet to loue the night.

The day and ſunſhine of my life is ſpent,
And now the night-ſhade of my life drawes on,
What comfort canſt thou haue, or what content
In winter nights (poore ſoule) to lie alone?
And yet it better is to lie alone,
Then lie with him, whoſe vitall heate is gone.

Sonets or Madrigals.

If ere the ſpring time of my younger grouth,
Could moue thy nimble armes to compaſſe me,
If ere the prelude of my flowrie youth,
Could be a meanes for to ſollicit thee?
Take time while time is, let not ioyes bereft thee,
Some wanton bloomes at leſt of youth are left me.

And though I haue not ſuch perfection in me,
For many furrowes in mine aged brow,
Yet theſe ſame furrowes may experience ſhow thee
What wanton youth in time could neuer ſhew.
Thoſe many winters that haue made me old,
Shall learne thee more then parents euer told.

Do not contemne me for my hoary lockes,
For they are beauteous, full of comelineſſe,
And as the Goats that feede vpon the rockes,
Whoſe beard doe much adorne their raggedneſſe.
This beard, thou ſeeſt oreclad with hoary haire,
Is comely (loue) though not ſo paſſing faire.

How well ſeemes hoary froſt vpon greene graſſe? *Cana prima. &c.*
Flowers interlaid with winters gabard me,
Nought can endure for aye that euer was,
Clouds ouercaſt thoſe beames which erſt did ſhine.
Greene graſſe with hoary froſt doe well agree,
So would theſe hoary locks of mine with thee.

But

But thou doeſt feare I haue an old mans minde,
I will be iealous of thy beauty deare,
Doe not thinke ſo, thou ſhalt more honour finde,
In theſe ſame Armes of mine, thou needſt not feare
I will be conſtant, for no iealous thought
Shall ere perſwade my minde that thou art nought.

Ile leaue thee (Deere) I hope thou wilt conceiue,
A better ſatisfaction of my loue,
Or elſe be ſure thy frowne ſhall dig my graue,
Which will beare record in the court aboue.
How being lou'd, yet would not loue againe,
Haſt cauſde my Ghoſt reuiued to complaine.

FINIS.

THE SEVENTH SONET.

THou lou'ſt me but for want of other loues,
And ſhew'ſt affection, not for any worth,
Thou ſee'ſt in me, but in that thou approues
A wanton ſmile in me, a ſtraine of mirth.
I ſhould receiue thy loue more willingly.
If thou approude me for my conſtancie.

Thou ſhalt not finde me wauering or vnkinde,
But though diſtreſſde with want and penurie,
More conſtant thoughts in me thou ere ſhalt finde,
Then in ech wauering bubbles vanitie,
I will remaine as firme, my deere to thee,
As to *Vlyſſes* was *Penelope*.

Thou ſhalt not doubt of my diſtruſt in loue,
For I approue no man ſo much as thee,
And as the Turtle with her Turtle Doue,
So thou ſhalt finde the like equalitie.
Beleeue me deere, if euer loue was true,
Confirmd it ſhall be in my louing you.

Sonets or Madrigals.

I cannot praise possessions, I haue none,
Yet in possessing me, yo i may enioy,
As great reuenewes, deere, as any one,
Then be not curious in your choyse, nor coye,
I am demure, full fraught of modestie,
And its a Iewell worth a Monarchie.

Be not the inward gifts the richest treasure?
Why shouldst thou then dote so on excrement,
A modest wife affords continuall pleasure.
Adorned with grace of Angels ornaments.
Ther's nought so pretious as a modest heart,
For if thou be distrest, she'le beare a part.

Doest thou esteeme gold more then vertuous minds,
And art besotted more with worldly trash,
Then honest education? which combines
In awfull band men vnaduisde and rash.
I am but poore indeed. and yet what then
Shall poore estates be destitute of men?

I can vse honest labours, and obtaine
A daily fruit out of mine homely labour,
Reaping of honest trauaile, honest gaine,
Purchas'd by loues respect and generall fauour.
I will not winne rewards for lu re sake
My soule a brothell house of sinne to make.

Homely

Sonets or Madrigals.

Homely yet ſafely, I regard my ſtate,
I loue to liue remote, not aymed at,
Ile be no mare vnto the potentate,
I loue to liue demure not pointed at.
With who come heere? a Brothell houſe of ſinne,
Who by diſhoneſt meanes doth profit winne.

I am not proſtitute to ſlauiſh thoughts,
I worke my night works full induſtriouſly.
And hauing done that which my purpoſe ſought,
I lie me downe to ſleepe contentedly.
I ayme not at the Pallace, but remaine.
No deerer to the Prince, then to the ſwaine.

Fie on that woman who with painted face,
Lies open to the ſuite of euery man,
That painted viſard couers little grace,
Though it be faire without, its pale and wan.
Voide of all fauour, grace and excellence,
Pitching her tent for wantons reſidence.

Iam no couer for a puppet play,
I haue no ceruſſe in mine ſuory boxe,
In dreſſing me I ſpend not all the day,
I neuer learnd to phrizle ſpangled locks.
What I can doe my parents firſt did tell me,
(Proud hower) I little care if thou excell me.

Thus

Thus haue I made deſcription of my beautie,
Not paſſing faire, well fauorde though I be,
Proteſting to thy loue entireſt dutie,
If thou by *Hymens* rites ſhalt marrie me.
Thus hoping well, I in the meane time reſt,
Vowing by heau'ns, that I haue lou'd thee beſt.

FINIS.

THE